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ADELA NORTHINGTON,

Serfojee Rajah

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

ADELA NORTHINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN unexpected event facilitated the wiſh of our heroine, and enabled her to leave Flanders ſooner then ſhe could otherwiſe have hoped; for the eloquent importunity of Lady Iſmena laid an embargo on her, which from a principle of blended delicacy and gratitude, ſhe knew not how to diſpenſe with. To return to England was her unalterable reſolve: but the extreme timidity of her nature was a never failing obſtacle to every purpoſed undertaking: and two months elapſed after her health was

ſufficiently re-eſtabliſhed to put her deſign in practice; when Mr. Gathaway being ſummoned to Calais by a long loſt friend, ſhe determined no longer to be detained by the gentle pleadings of her amiable protectreſs; but exerting all her reſolution, ſhe earneſtly ſolicited that worthy man to be her guardian through the unknown track that intervened between them, and the port, where both their wiſhes entered: and ſo ardently did ſhe enforce this requeſt, repreſenting the prudence of embracing ſo happy an opportunity, and pointing out the expediency, reaſonableneſs, and indeed, neceſſity of the ſtep; that her generous friend at length ſubmitted: truly diſtreſſing as was the idea of parting with ſo invaluable an acquiſition, ſo ineſtimable a treaſure as ſhe enjoyed in the ſociety of her charming gueſt, the natural and acquired beauties of whoſe all perfect mind, every day ſerved more fully to convince her, were inexhauſtable.

The

The moſt valuable gifts of Heaven, a bright and ſolid underſtanding, an unerring judgment, and a heart glowing with univerſal benevolence, and every virtue that can exalt human nature, rendered Adela a bleſſing wherever ſhe appeared.

She rejoiced with the happy, and even when bending under the preſſure of affliction herſelf, knew and practiſed the heavenly art of ſoothing the woes of others. Lady Iſmena experienced the ſalutary effects of this power. Sorrow, till this period, had never approached her thoughtleſs boſom; the late two-fold ſtroke fell therefore with redoubled force: it robbed her eyes of all their luſtre, and ſpread a deep dejection over her mind and form. But the example of Adela, ſweet, patient, uncomplaining ſufferer, ſmiling under the complicated evils of poverty, illneſs, unmerited ſlander, and the deprivation of almoſt every earthly reſource, taught her the ſacred precepts of reſignation: ſhe ſtrove to imitate as bright a pattern, caught the pure flame of her

unnumbered excellencies, and corrected thoſe foible which they reflected.

Such are the happy fruits of friendſhip, founded on virtue. Raiſed on ſuch a baſis, the ſtructure can hardly fail of attaining every poſſible perfection: for bad indeed muſt that heart be, that will not endeavour to chaſten its errors, when pointed out with diſcretion. and tenderneſs, by thoſe we eſteem, and whom we are aſſured can only be intereſted by a generous regard for our welfare. The applauſe of ſuch, muſt ſurely excite in every diſtinguiſhing heart a noble emulation, which leads to all that is praiſe-worthy: and next to the frown of the ſupreme, the dread of their reproof will moſt aſſuredly prevent the commiſſion of evil. This is that world, whoſe cenſures the delicate and diſcerning ſpirit, trembles to incur. It is not the opinions of the clamorous multitude, that can in any degree affect them; for thoſe ſuffrages which are bandied by every breath of fame or fortune, can never

never by the ſenſible mind be deemed eſtimable.

Pardon this digreſſion, and return with me to Lady Iſmena.

Fair as ever poets feigned, or painters drew, the blue veins peeped through her tranſparent ſkin, and vied with yonder azure. She was pretty, but not intereſting: a mere aſſemblage of glowing tints and faultleſs ſymmetry, that ſpoke more forcibly to the pencil of the artiſt, then the feelings of the lover: and the general voice pronounced her *defficient in tout enſemble.*

But this opinion never reached her ear, and ſelf-love ſeldom fails to repreſent us in the moſt alluring colours. Had ſhe been leſs lovely—ſhe poſſeſſed a magnet that will ever attract a numerous train of ſuitors. She was rich, and the flutterers of the age buzzed around her, eager to feaſt on the banquet in her coffers. But Lady Iſmena had penetration enough to diſcover the principle by which they were actuated, and treated their vows with the contempt they

deſerved :

deferved: making them the fubjects of her mirth, and juftly obferving, that no punifhment fhe could inflict, was fevere enough for their prefumption in daring to affront her with avowals of love, while it was obvious, that Plutus was the God by which they were infpired.

But fincerely as Lady Ifmena defpifed the mercenary herd, by which fhe was furrounded; they were food for her unbounded levity, and fhe efteemed it no crime to retain them in her lift.

To keep a fincere heart in fufpence, is a cruelty of which every generous mind muft be incapable; but who will be fo rigid as to cenfure the indulgence of a little harmlefs coquetry, with beings of the above defcription: creatures, as incapable of being attached to any object, but gold, or their own adorable felves, as the green fod, over which they tread? With this profeffing multitude, or rather at them, Lady Ifmena laughed away the paffing hours in thoughtlefs gaiety. Vivacious in the extremeft degree,

degree, and devoted to every ſpecies of public amuſement, ſhe was loſt in the whirl of pleaſure; nor once thought of any higher enjoyment. She had heard her ſprightlineſs applauded, and eſteemed it the firſt of graces; not reflecting, that its exceſs muſt neceſſarily pave the way to innumerable errors. The giddy mind continually engaged by trifles, and ever eager in the purſuit of diſſipation cannot poſſibly attend to the culture of thoſe bright accompliſhments, that exalt, embelliſh, and render life delighful. Few are the internal graces uſually poſſeſſed by characters of this deſcription. Nature is frequently liberal to them; but her moſt valuable endowments are too often rendered uſeleſs by neglect.

But Lady Iſmena was awakened to reflection by an attachment, of which all to whom ſhe was known, deemed her incapable. None ſuſpected her of ſuſceptibility; ſhe was, even herſelf, inſenſible that a quality ſo dangerous lived in her heart, until its deſtined conqueror appeared, and

revealed the fatal truth. The very man, whom hopes of a rejection alone could have induced to addrefs her, removed the veil that levity had thrown over her character; and moft powerfully convinced her, that fhe poffeffed a foul capable of the tendereft impreffions. No longer the volatile, unthinking fafhionift; fhe caft a view inwardly, and found her mind little better then a *vacuem*: blufhed at the difcovery, felt herfelf unworthy the accomplifhed poffeffor of her heart, and refolved on a perfect metamorphofis. No longer fhone at every public place. No more fhe led the way in each gay circle; but grew penfive, fighed in fecret, and thought only of the charming Englifhman. His Uncle's affurances (who was her guardian; but to whom fhe no longer owed obedience, being fome time emancipated from the fetters of minority) quieted every intruding fear. He affured her of an entire conqueft over his nephew's heart, and fpared no means to increafe the ardor of her attachment.

Mr. Amf-

Mr. Amſbury's avowal, which ſoon followed his weary Uncle's preparatory aſſurances, ſeemed to confirm their truth: and Lady Iſmena experienced felicity, of which, till then, ſhe had not the moſt diſtant idea. She applied herſelf diligently to inculcate thoſe mental graces, by which alone, ſhe could hope to retain her ſuppoſed empire over ſo amiable a man. Diſmiſſed levity from her ſervice for ever. Studied herſelf, and amazed all who knew her, by the viſible alteration in her manners. Diſcovered numerous valuable qualities, which had till then lain dormant: and rejoiced the heart of her reverend preceptor, the worthy Gathaway, who had often lamented her infatuation, and warned her againſt the deluſion of vanity. Unſuſpicious of the real ſtate of Mr. Amſbury's heart, and perfectly ſatisfied with the paſſion, he not in the moſt ardent terms poſſeſſed, ſhe thought herſelf the happieſt of women: endeavoured to model her houſe, her converſation, and her ſociety to his taſte. His native complacency

ſtrengthened the errors of her heart, and what ſhe wiſhed, ſhe eaſily believed. Even his penſive habit bordering on melancholy, which originated from his hopeleſs, but deep-rooted attachment to his long adored Adela; was by Lady Iſmena fondly attributed to thoſe tender anxieties, thoſe tumultuous hopes and fears, and torturing alarms, which her own heart experienced, which an exceſs of love is ſaid always to inflict: and of which ſhe fondly believed herſelf the cauſe; when an unexpected event ſummoned him to Naples, and the mournful cataſtrophe that enſued is already known.

Lady Iſmena's conduct to her charming rival, exhibits her heart in the faireſt colours, and gives the moſt indiſputable proof of her innate excellence: however it might lie concealed for a time amid the blaze of thoughtleſs diſſipation, and uninterrupted proſperity. The image of the martyred Theodore ſtill poſſeſſed her ſoul, and her generous attachment to his widowed bride, affords the moſt undeniable proof of the

purity, and the ardor of her love. Thoſe extatic emotions which ſhe had experienced in the ſociety of that ill-fated youth were loſt with him, and could no more illume her boſom, but the melting tenderneſs, the unbounded generoſity, and unalloyed eſteem with which he had impreſſed he ſtill lived to his memory, and could ceaſe only with her exiſtence. She ſeemed to conſider Adela as his gentle repreſentative, his ſoften-ed image: and diveſted of every degrading prejudice, every unjuſt impulſe by the pu-rifying flame of an attachment that never was exceeded, ſhe pitied and forgave the crime it had impelled; and inſtead (as is too frequently the caſe with hearts leſs re-fined) of blaming the innocent cauſe of his deſertion; ſhe felt herſelf irreſiſtably inſpired with affection for a being, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed by him: loved her, becauſe he had done ſo: independant of what her own merit, and deep diſtreſs muſt claim from every heart alive to the calls of phi-

lanthropy: and felt the moſt poignant regret on their approaching ſeparation.

" In loſing you, my Adela," ſhe would often ſay, " methinks I loſe all that can endear me to exiſtence. Why then, thus cruelly perſiſt in this unkind reſolve, why deprive me of your loved ſociety? With you, every remaining veſtige of happineſs, muſt diſappear. If I poſſeſs one eſtimable quality, it is derived from your bright example, and with that will vaniſh. Your piety, your reſignation, your ſweetneſs of temper, and gentleneſs of manners, may perhaps excite my emulation, and render me more worthy of thoſe bleſſings I have greatly miſapplied. But a few ſhort months ere I knew you, I was a mere clod of undiſtinguiſhing matter. .Ignorant of what I owed my Maker, my neighbour, or myſelf. Neglecting every deſign of my creation. Abuſing the agency of Heaven. Bewildered in the labyrinth of folly. This was the ſtate from which the moſt amiable of mankind reſcued me, that predilection, how-

however, marked by misfortune, and productive of, alas! I fear, unceaſing woe; awakened me to a ſtrong ſenſe of my glaring errors, but it is only your continued preſence, that can render the reformation complete: ah! then, deſert me not, dear emblem of every virtue." But the reſolution of Adela was no more to be prevailed on, by all the moving eloquence, and tender unremitting arguments of Lady Iſmena: they never failed to draw agonizing tears from her heart, and plant daggers in her mind: yet ſpite of her native flexibility of temper, ſhe maintained her integrity: too well aſſured, contrary to Lady Iſmena's belief, that her abſence would be the only cure for the injured peace of that lovely mourner, and that her longer preſence could only ſerve to perpetuate the remembrance of what, it was both her duty and intereſt to bury in oblivion.

Finding ſhe was proof againſt all that could be urged, Lady Iſmena as a laſt reſource, when Mr. Gathaway previous to

his departure went to bid the virulent Fontinoy, adieu! earneftly folicited him to exert all his influence in favor of her much wronged friend, and once more plead her caufe; the good old man promifed his concurrence, and utmoft efforts, and with hopeful heart fat off on this errand of mercy. His abfence was fhort, but the alteration on his features boded no fuccefs to his embaffy. His afpect conveyed a fufficient reply to the eager enquiries of Lady Ifmena.

She turned to Adela, her eyes fwam in tears, and for fome moments all was filence, then "and can it be poffible," cried Lady Ifmena, "that a being exifts capable of fuch injurious obduracy, To fuch a creature too!" added fhe, clafping the hand of Adela, "blufh, blufh, humanity! and juftice hide your face."

"I found our miftaken friend," faid Mr. Gathaway, "in a frame of mind very unpropitious to my defign. Paffion diftorted his form, when I mentioned the com-

miffion

miſſion you charged me with, and raging with exceſſive fury bad me leave him, or drop the deteſted ſubject; then melting into tenderneſs at the recollection of his adopted child, ſpoke of you, and even wept. I ſaw our cauſe hopeleſs, and forbore to urge it further. But you, Lady Iſmena, were a theme that never wearied on his tongue. You know his nature, know his attachments, permanent as his prejudices. Sacred is his word, and his friendſhips are inviolable. "My life," ſaid he, "is hers, if required. Gathaway," continued he, ſtarting eagerly from his ſeat, "I ſhould glory in giving ſuch a proof of my fidelity to her noble father. Yes, I will ſtrive to merit the flattering truſt, which with his dying breath he committed to me, and guard from future ill this drooping lily. Yet, oh, torturing reflection! is it not through me ſhe is now wretched.

"He enlarged," added Mr. Gathaway, "far beyond my powers of deſcription. Fain would I have pleaded for our lovely friend,

ſriend, with all the little rhetoric, that time has left me; and during my walk to his houſe had formed a project in her favor, which was rendered abortive by his impetuoſity: every trace was obliterated from my memory, and I gladly bade him, adieu."

A gloom again overſpread Lady Iſmena's features, but ſhe forbore to comment.

" Alas!" ſaid Adela mentally, " how chequered is every thing, annexed to mortal life? Our virtues and vices are frequently interwoven. In the ſame heart the opponents oft reſide. Trial ſevere for weak humanity. A while fair virtue ſpreads her beauties forth. Tranſcendant graces full of peace and joy diſpenſing bliſs around; when baleful vice borrowing ſome fair diſguiſe cheats the unwary mortal, and gains entrance: her vizor drops, ſhe pants for ſacrifice, and ſpite of Virtues' efforts rears her altars high. The heavenly power ſtill maintains her ſeat, and warns the poor poſſeſſed to expel the fiend; but fatally deceived by outward ſhew, charmed with the falſe

exterior

exterior, which ſhe wore on entering. They call her honor, love, noble ambition; or ſome ſuch title, with which, alas! too oft, crimes black as night are gilded. Corrupted by falſe pleaſures, dazzled by falſe hopes; in vain the ſmall ſtill voice repeats its leſſons; drowned by tumultuous jargon and riot, it ſpeaks unheard. Incenſe is offered to her triumphant adverſary, her altars ſmoke, the heavenly meſſenger hides her fair face, and ſeeks ſome happier dwelling. Charity whiſpers, "make another eſſay." She does. Truth is diſpatched, ſhe will be heard, and often brings conviction. Virtue again ſeems to regain her empire; but ſtill in ſome dark corner the uſurper lurks watching the time to lift her direful ſceptre."

Such might be deemed the ſtate of Mr. Fontinoy. His merits were univerſally allowed to be numerous; but pride, prejudice, and implacability formed a thick veil before them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN the morning of Adela's departure arrived, every heart that dwelt under the auſpices of the benevolent Lady Iſmena partook of her emotions, and each aſpect wore the ſignature of her diſtreſs. In vain Adela called forth all her fortitude; it was inſufficient to ſupport her at ſuch a criſis. A deep regret pervaded her heart. Every tender, every grateful ſenſation was awakened. Till then ſhe knew not how painful the affection her amiable protectreſs had inſpired her with; nor once ſuſpected how inexpreſſibly dear ſhe was to her. Fate ſeemed to have united them in mournful bands of amity: and her heart almoſt ſmote her for the ſeparation. In vain Lady Iſmena attempted to clothe the woe-fraught language of her ſoul in words. They embraced with cordial friendſhip, blended their tears together, and mur-

murmured out an empaſſioned prayer for each others happineſs.

Nannette ſobbed aloud as the carriage drove off, and thruſting her head out of the window, remained in that attitude until every veſtige of their late habitation diſappeared. Her paſſions ever unmanageable operated in the preſent caſe with peculiar violence. Mr. Gathaway half angry, laid his hand on her ſhoulder, and uttered a gentle rebuke. Adela followed the eye of Nannette, and beheld a handſome young Fleming, one of Lady Iſmena's domeſtics, running after the carriage waving a white handkerchief in a manner indeſcribably affecting. She adjuſted her habit hat, leaned her head againſt the back of the carriage, and ſuppreſſed a ſigh. The lover diſappeared. Nannette drew her bonnet over her face, and ſilence again prevailed.

Had not the *ſombre* pencil drawn its malignant ſhades over the minds of our travellers, their journey, until they arrived within a few miles of Calais, would have

been truly delightful. The loaded vineyards bloomed around them, and the heart of the naturally vivacious peaſant ſeemed to expand with more than uſual joy. When one evening paſſing by a deep grove, juſt as twilight had thrown her thickeſt mantle over them, the piercing ſhriek of female diſtreſs aſſailed their ears. Adela begged they might enquire the cauſe. Mr. Gathaway repreſented the danger, the driver ſeconded him, and terror ſhook Nannette; but Adela's prevailing eloquence removed every ſcruple, her ever irreſiſtible perſuaſions over-ruled their fears, and they haſtened to the ſpot from whence the ſound proceeded. But what a ſoul harrowing ſcene, were they preſented with? A youthful female appeared bound to a tree by an inſulting ruffian: and a lady whoſe whitened locks, and ſuperiority aſpect ſeemed calculated to inſpire the moſt ſavage heart with pity, and awe the boldeſt tranſgreſſor, knelt under the uplifted arm of another trembling robber. She ſeemed ſupplicating his mercy;

her beseeching air, and no doubt, more earnest importunity arrested for a moment the descending weapon; but "you must die," uttered in a deep and tremulous tone, instantly succeeded. His fellow assassin at that moment espied our travellers approach, and warning him of danger, the unversed sinner again suspended the fatal stroke. Guilt inspired them with all its terrors, every spark of boasted courage fled, and mounting their horses, they were out of sight in an instant.

Adela sprang from the carriage, she caught the fainting Lady in her arms, and supported her on her bosom, while Nannette kneeling beside her, wept her sympathy, and used every means to expedite her recovery: and Mr. Gathaway assisted to release her scarcely existing attendant.

All was extacy and undescribable gratitude, when they became sensible of their almost miraculous preservation. Mr. Gathaway failed not to ascribe the merit where it was due, but the innate delicacy of Adela shrunk

ſhrunk from the effuſions it produced: and they conducted their newly acquired friends in ſafety back to Calais.

The inſtant departure of the pacquet-boat, enforced an immediate adieu. The reſcued Lady was Engliſh, and of high rank; her name was no ſtranger to our heroine's ear, ſhe repeated her ardent acknowledgments, invoked bleſſings on her deliverer's head, and taking from her pocket a ſmall miniature of herſelf ſat round with brilliants, earneſtly ſolicited Adela's acceptance of it as a ſmall tribute of gratitude.

The parting with Mr. Gathaway was ſuch as may be eaſily conceived between ſenſitive nineteen and diſpaſſionate ſeventy-five, whoſe vivacious particles are no more. Cruſhed by the heavy preſſure of time and misfortune, he beheld the goods and evils of this life as they really are: ſtripped of all their illuſions. Happy acquiſition; but not alwasy the attendant of age. Diſcretion the inſeparable companion of experience?

rience? Let truth anſwer the queſtion, and ſay how truly melancholy it is to behold length of years, that might have been reſpectable, diſgraced by levities which youth can hardly excuſe? What ſenſible obſerver can witneſs ſuch a degradation, without bluſhing for the weakneſſes of human nature?

But Mr. Gathaway was truly wiſe by experience, and conſequently free from all the errors of doting childhood.

Adela venerated his character, and treaſured up the inſtructions that fell from his lips. Nannette uttered an energetic, *Ah! mon Dieu! il ne viendra pas encore!* and burſt into tears, when he quitted them. Adela claſped her hands together, raiſed her lovely eyes to Heaven, and retired to the cabin. But what an unwelcome ſcene was ſhe there preſented with!

Her old flame Mr. Lambert ſeated by a young and blooming female! He turned pale as aſhes. Adela ſtarted! What could ſhe do? Mr. Gathaway was gone, and there

there was now no poſſible retreat. Nannette hid her face, and they ſilently withdrew to one of the windows.

Lambert trembled, and rivetted his eyes on the floor. "Are you not well?" enquired the Lady with tenderneſs." He ſhook his head, and riſing, darted out of the cabin. The lady followed him with anxious look.

"Falſe ſmiling villain," ſaid Adela, "I hope, ſhe is not thy prey." At that inſtant poor Nannette fainted away. Her feelings had been much awakened by Villere's tender adieu, and their ſubſequent adventures, aided by the ſhock of this rencontre with the being on earth ſhe moſt deteſted, quite overpowered her, and ſhe continued ſome time inſenſible. Adela was little better, but by the aſſiſtance of a fellow-paſſenger, who entered at this criſis. Nannette was reſtored, and fixing her languid eyes on her Miſtreſs, faintly enquired, if the monſter was ſtill there. Adela aſſured her, he was not, adding, "how unfit is all this

ſenſibility to be in ſuch a rank, expoſed to perpetual trials? Unable to defend myſelf, how can I guard you my worthy Nannette from an injurious world? I wiſh I could prevail on you even now, to relinquiſh your deſign of following my fortune; retract your generous purpoſe, and beg Mr. Gathaway to re-conduct you to the amiable Lady Iſmena. She will receive you with gladneſs, and I ſhall be much happier; for think, ſhould I be the means of expoſing you to new diſtreſſes, what an addition to my own?" But Nannette only wiped away a falling tear, ſighed deeply, and looked,

"Like one that loves,
"And ſome unkindneſs meets."

The captain entered, and Adela forbore any farther entreaty. He was one of thoſe rough ſons of Neptune, whoſe chief felicity conſiſts in buſtle. Was now in all his glory. Exhibiting his immenſe conſequence with a voice of thunder.

A ſailor followed him into the cabin. "I wonder," ſays he, "what gale blew that ſhifting Jack to us. If he ever comes along ſide of me again, I'll give him a ſouſing. And he may thank his pretty companion for eſcaping ſo well now. 'Twas all a hum, Ben, I no more think he was ſick, than I am ſick. But he's a whimſical chap, and choſe to alter his mind." The ſailor acquieſced, ſhrewdly obſerving, he was d—d glad they had got rid of him, for he looked like a white livered ſort of a hand: for all his parſon's coat. The Captain acceded to this remark by a ſagacious nod, and turning to his fair inmates, told them they would ſoon touch Engliſh ground, if their preſent breeze laſted.

Adela's curioſity was awakened by what ſhe had juſt heard, and ſhe enquired, if any of the paſſengers had left them? "Why yes, Miſs," replied the Captain, ſagaciouſly twirling a ſmall parcel, which he had taken from one of the lockers, "that chap in black, that was ſitting here when you

came

came on board, has taken it into his fair-weather ſkull to be ill, and is returned to Calais, but has left this package behind him, and I muſt ſend it a-ſhore by a boat that lies along-ſide."

Adela's heart bounded with joy at this news, and the Captain was haſtening from them: but, whether luckily, or unluckily the fates may decide; no ſooner had he reached the ſide of the veſſel, than (from repeated twiſtings and twirlings, which the Captain had thoughtleſsly beſtowed on it, the ſlender cord by which he held the ſaid parcel gave way, and oh! woeful chance! it inſtantly ſunk in the ſurrounding fluid.

The Captain uttered an emphatic exclamation upon the accident; but it was againſt his principles to lament what was irremediable; ſo he even conſoled himſelf by whiſtling *Black ey'd Suſan*: which was to him a ſovereign balm for every woe. And the boat put off.

Every element was propitious.

The winds and waves were in their favour, and wafted them ſerenely to Dover's chalky cliffs.

The party conſiſted of two noble perſonages of the Drama, who had literally ſpent their vocation on the Continent.

A very fine Lady, and her very fine Abigail, both London-bred, who had been in queſt of nothing.

An Alderman and his Lady daughter, very laudably, in purſuit of *common ſenſe.* And a tall, and once elegant youth, dwinddled away to a walking ſkeleton, in an unceaſing chace after ſhadows in various forms.

The firſt fair one that enticed him, was one who wore the ſemblance of a fine *dark brown* coquet, who played off all her allurements, till the poor ſwain was entrapped, then turned from him, laughed at all his complaints, and left him to play the fool at leiſure.

Alas! poor Strephon!

"Long he ſigh'd, and long he courted."

At laſt, another fair ſupplied her place; but her day was a winter's one, ſhort and gloomy: for it ſeems, blind ambition ſuperceded her. Sometimes in the alluring form of a young and beautiful heireſs of quality. Then in all the gay and dazzling advantages of a fluttering ſoldier. A red coat pretty fellow exhibiting all his attractions to enſnare ſome ſighing damſel of fortune. But ſome how or other, not being able to make it out, he took the pet at himſelf, and the world. Retired into the country, and idled away his precious hours with any body. A thouſand, and a thouſand ſchemes were formed; but not one put in practice. Wretched for want of rational employment, he greedily ſnatched at any thing to fill up the aching void within.

Met with his old flame, and again knelt unheeded at her ſhrine.

What can he do? He longs for change of ſcene, yet nauſeates that within his power. Makes a trip to the Continent with a boſom friend. Delighted for a few days, but his

old languor returns; he paſſes a few inſipid months, joining in pleaſures which he cannot reliſh, and is now returning to England out of humour with himſelf, and all the world.

Theſe were the particulars which Adela gleaned from his own converſation. She compaſſionated his ſituation. She ſaw he was wretched, and his wretchedneſs proceeded from viewing life through a falſe perſpective, and thus deceived, he perſiſts in the beaten path, and contemns the advice of thoſe, who would willingly guide him to peace. "Alas! infatuated young man," ſaid Adela to herſelf, "Why will you thus perſiſt in voluntary miſery? and deſpiſe the proffered means of relief from the friendly counſel of more cool and able heads? Why avoid ſuch converſe, and ſeek the giddy, diſſipated ſlaves of folly?"

This, his own words proved to be the caſe.

Her heart bled for him.

But ſhe durſt not avow her ſentiments. She was a ſtranger, and her tongue was

tied up by prudence. But ſhe was ever intereſted for the unhappy: beſides the young man reminded her of an old, and highly valued friend, he reſembled in perſon Mr. Melville. Happy would it be for him was it an internal reſemblance, for the excellent Auguſtus, though ſometimes biaſſed by the fire of his mind, and led from the path of rectitude, was ever open to conviction. Ever thankful for counſel, grateful to his friends, ſenſible to his true intereſt, and above the pride of little minds.

The very ſoul of gentleneſs to his inferiors, and dignified reſpect to thoſe above him: equally incapable of inſolence to thoſe below him in the ranks of life, or cringing ſervility to his ſuperiors. Nobly proud and generouſly humble. With a heart ever ready to forgive the faults, and a hand open to relieve the wants of the afflicted, bleſſings attended Colonel Melville's amiable ſon.

Ye who like him are adorned with ſimilar gifts, are young, accompliſhed, and generous,

neglect not the present moment, but go and do so likewise.

Our heroine's fellow-traveller, Mr. Harcourt, appeared to her in the light of an intimate, from no other cause, but the remarkable similarity between his person, and that of Mr. Melville. The imperceptible familiarity this gave rise to on the part of Adela, was increased by his polite attention to her, when labouring under the severity of her constant watry companion, sea-sickness. But think not his attention was confined to her. No; far be it from me to insinuate such a reflection on him. The fine lady, who, what with pearl powder, ermine, salve tresses, and affectation, *quantum sufficit*, was certainly to a man of taste a far more pleasing object then artless Adela, and engrossed the far greatest part of his care. In short, before they landed, he was almost as deeply enamoured, as he had lately been with his nut brown Dulcinea; for the Alderman assured him on the word of a fishmonger of honor,

honor, that ſhe was no leſs than a twenty-thouſand pounder.

Harcourt almoſt fell into the ſea at the ſound. Ambition and all its golden dreams returned. He conſulted, a dear reflecter, which had oftentimes conſoled him in the hour of diſtreſs. Adjuſted his hat, which was a very ſmart one, aided by a ſtill ſmarter cockade, and without further prelude, reſolved to commence the attack. But ah! what a pity? he could not for the life and ſoul of him, put his reſolves in practice. He longed to be her eſcort to Town. Humm'd, ha'd, obſerved the ſerenity of the air, the ſtillneſs of the water, the beautiful ears of her lap dog, &c. &c. but had not courage enough to offer his ſervice. So poor Leonora ſet off diſconſolate and unattended, and her ſelf baulked admirer made one in the poſt-chaiſe with the Princes of the Drama.

What became of the reſt, I leave the fates to decide, for Adela ſaw no more of them:

them: but ordering a carriage, bent her thoughts and her courſe towards Barton.

The ſetting ſun was diſplaying all its glories when they approached it. Adela's ſoul ſunk within her, ſhe knew not why. Her zealous attachment to the place of her nativity, recurred with the idea of playful infancy, and ſportive childhood. But her ſenſations were not the ſame as uſual on her approach to it. She was inexpreſſibly agitated and overwhelmed by a variety of obtruding fears. Her cheek ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought, one inſtant glowed like crimſon, the next, again reaſſumed its palid hue. The ſcene was replete with every rural charm. The white ſteeple of Barton peeped o'er an adjacent hill, the landſcape was indeſcribably picturеſque. A much admired poet deeply attached to Nature's penſive walks, ſtarted acroſs our heroine's mind, and to divert the anxious interval, ſhe repeated the following lines:

" Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
" My natal ſpot, where every ſcene cou'd pleaſe,

" How

" How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
" Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene.
" How often have I pauſed on every charm,
" The ſheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
" The never failing brook, the buſy mill,
" Yon decent church, that tops the neighbouring
hill;
" That hawthorn buſh with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
" For talking age, and whiſpering lovers made.
" Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain
" Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train,
" To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
" One native charm, then all the gloſs of art.
" Spontaneous joy, where nature has its play,
" My ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway,
" Lightly they frolick o'er the vacant mind,
" Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfined."

But all would not do. A gloomy preſentiment again poſſeſſed Adela in a nearer view of her Louiſa's dwelling. The mournful interview appeared in glowing colours.

She ſhrunk back into a corner of the the carriage, and hid her face with her handkerchief as it ſtopped.

" The

" The houſe is ſhut up, Madam," exclaimed the poſtilion. Adela echoed his laſt words, and looked out of the window.

The houſe was indeed ſhut up.

A peaſant girl paſſed them, to her Adela applied for an explanation of the myſtery.

" They are gone, Ma'am," replied the girl, " to live a great way off." " Gone!" repeated Adela, " and ſo ſuddenly too, it is very ſtrange; and to me at this juncture truly diſtreſſing." How could ſhe be ſatisfied about it? How gain any intelligence of them? Go to Mrs. Smith. No!—ſhe could not bear the ſight of Faern Hall at this time; or rather its inhabitants. What then was to be done?

Many of her old acquaintance were thought of, but a powerful objection overruled an application to them. Loquacious curioſity is the too frequent inhabitant of an obſcure country village: and Adela felt herſelf unable to cope with them. She ſhrunk from the bold, and perhaps, impertinent enquiries of thoſe, who conceived them-

themſelves authoriſed to ſay any thing, be-
cauſe, to uſe their own phraſe, they knew her when no higher then the table. After much deliberation Mr. Wilmot occured to her. He was in every reſpect ſuperior to moſt of his neighbours. Long had ſhe marked him as a being of a higher order, and to his habitation the poſtilion was directed to drive.

As they drew near to the parſonage, Adela's palpitations redoubled. It was the very houſe where ſhe firſt drew breath. It brought back her beloved parents, and their whole domeſtic train to her memory, and it was impoſſible to ſuppreſs her emotions. The happy hours ſhe had paſſed there with Mr. and Mrs. Smith were likewiſe remembered: and ſhe ſighed deeply. "Here are great alterations," ſaid ſhe, on obſerving a new gate at the entrance of the avenue, and a high garden wall which Mr. Wilmot had erected.) They were driving cloſe by the ſide of it, when a voice exclaimed, "No, No, Dick; I won't have the

the temple altered: it ſhall poſitively remain in *ſtatu quo* as long as I live. As a faint tribute of the reſpect to the memory of its founder."

The perſon addreſſed fetched a deep ſigh; or more properly a groan. The poſtilion turned round with quickneſs, ſuppoſing it proceeded from the carriage, and Adela whiſpered him to ſtop a few moments. She knew the voice to be Mr. Wilmot's. Her curioſity was awakened, and ſhe wiſhed to hear the remainder of the dialogue.

" Ah! to be ſure, Maſter," replied Dick, " I muſt needs ſay, you're more righter than I: for nobody can gainſay but Parſon Northington was deſarving of *reference* from every-body. Many and many a-time he has larn'd me my Catechis: and many a hapeny has a gived me: and patted my head, and called me a good little boy. Well, God has always ſent our pariſh good parſons I think. There was Parſon Smith walked for all the world in the ſteps of his *pre—poſſeſſor*; as the ſaying is, but poor Gentleman,

Gentleman, he did'nt joy the *benefits* long. And as for your honor, I wou'dn't prefume to fay much; but all the parifh knows what your honour is."

" Dick's eloquence was more than Adela could well bear; fhe waved her hand to the poftilion to proceed; and ftopping at the new gate, Dick ran with eager hafte to fee who the ftrangers were. But catching a glance of Adela's profile, he flew back to his mafter with the fwiftnefs of thought, and almoft out of breath, quoted the old adage of, " Speak of the D——l and his horns appear." with the moft profound gravity.

Mr. Wilmot fmiled, and Dick proceeded.

I am fure, Sir, there never was a more truer faying, your Honor may laugh to be fure; but I've noted it a thoufand, and a thoufand times to that again. Why now, Sir, juft as we was a talking about our old Parfon, who pops in upon us, but Mifs. Nay, I'm fartin 'tis fhe, thof fhe's a good deal paler, and loft almoft all her flefh,

ſince ſhe went away to live with a great lady in London. But ſtill, one cant't chuſe but know her by her ſweet good tempered look. As like her Papa, Sir, as ſhe can ſtare."

"Is it really, Miſs Northington?" enquired Mr. Wilmot. But before his talkative domeſtic could reply, the poſtilion entered the garden with Mrs. Amſbury's compliments, and requeſted to ſpeak with him, "Then you are miſtaken, Dick," ſaid Mr. Wilmot, and readily accompanied the meſſenger.

But what was his amazement to find ſtill Dick was in the right? What could be the motive of her preſence in Barton, he could not conjecture? Various had been the reaſons aſſigned for her ſeparation with the Rhodes', not the moſt favourable to her. But her marriage, and the fate of Theodore Amſbury, had never reached his ear. Adela enquired for her friend and father? Do you not know, Madam, replied Mr. Wilmot with a look of aſtoniſhment,

that Mr. Amſbury is gone to Flanders, and your amiable friend, (he pauſed and fixed his eyes on the ground) is married to Mr. Rhodes, and with the whole family are gone to the German Spa.

" Louiſa Amſbury the wiſe of Mr. Rhodes!" exclaimed Adela, " then I have not a place to lay my head in." She claſped her hands together in ſilent anguiſh, and after a pauſe, enquired if Mrs. Smith was likewiſe with them? And being anſwered in the affirmative, " My intention," ſaid ſhe, Mr. Wilmot " was to have obtruded myſelf on your goodneſs for a few hours: to diſpatch a letter to Mrs. Smith, and enquire for my loſt friends. But your information renders it unneceſſary to trouble you further." Mrs. Delamaine, who in the firſt emotions of her ſurpriſe, ſhe did not *mentally* allúde to, now recurred, and brought comfort with her. " I have ſtill," ſaid ſhe, " a real friend left, and to her I muſt inſtantly haſten."

But Mr. Wilmot would not hear of her going, until ſhe was more compoſed. He repeatedly aſſured her, he would not ſuffer her to depart without ſome refreſhment: and after much ſolicitation, ſhe reluctantly complied with his intreaty. She enquired how long Mr. Amſbury had quitted Barton, and if Mr. Wilmot was acquainted with the motives that induced him to viſit Flanders. To thoſe enquiries Mr. Wilmot replied, that he had been gone only a few days, that he ſaw him the very morning of his departure: and was informed by himſelf, that a preſſing ſummons from his brother-in-law, was his ſole inducement. "He looked rather dejected," added Mr. Wilmot, and ſaid, "My brother entreats my daughter and ſelf to join him, and help to chear the evening of his days. My poor boy, he informs me, is indiſpoſed, but not materially. Much rather would I cloſe my life in this dear ſpot: but he is too generous to be refuſed. I therefore ſacrifice my own attachment here to gratify the beſt of brothers,

thers, and of friends. Louifa is I hope more happily difpofed of, aud I leave her without one figh. The adored wife of one of the richeft Commoners in this kingdom, and bleffed with a difpofition fo peculiarly charming, fhe will I truft, preferve her empire o'er his heart: and cannot, furely, fail of happinefs." "I give you his own words," faid Mr. Wilmot, "and hope, his expectations will not prove too fanguine." Again Adela expreffed her amazement at this unlooked for alliance, and the acquiefcence of the bridegroom's ambitious mother: an event, Mr. Wilmot affured her no lefs inexplicable to all that ever heard it; when the mifery in ftore for the refpected Amfbury recurred, and Mr. Wilmot was at length acquainted with fuch heart-rending circumftance of that fatal tragedy, ever prefent to her imagination. Mr. Wilmot fincerely participated in her forrow, and ufed every gentle argument, that could poffibly alleviate it. Never did Nature beftow a larger portion of the milk of

human

human kindneſs, than was evident, in every action of this real ſervant of the Deity. He walked truly in the ſteps of his benign Maſter, was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. Thoſe who were mentally benighted, and ſtumbled amidſt the errors of their own underſtandings, he enlightened by his precepts, and confirmed by his example.

Is there under Heaven a more noble charity?

But Mr. Wilmot ſtopped not here. The poor, and needy crouded his gates, went away refreſhed by his bounties, and bleſſed the liberal giver. He poſſeſſed from Nature ardent piety, univerſal benevolence, and ſtrict integrity; but he was diſcreet and moderate, from principle. His paſſions were lively, and would probably have led him into numerous errors had he not watched, and regulated their motions with unceaſing care. They often prevented pleaſure with all her allurements; but if duty called a different way; although he ſome-

ſometimes caſt a longing lingering look behind, he never failed to obey her injunctions. Who can pay to merit like this its juſt tribute? My pen fails in the attempt. But ſuffer me to add an ardent wiſh, that every labourer in the vineyard of God, was ſuch as Mr. Wilmot.

In his ſociety Adela found much real conſolation. He ſoothed her ruffled ſpirits, and kindled in her breaſt the lambent flame of pure diſintereſted friendſhip: a flame, which few, I fear can approach uninjured; they play with the fire, and like heedleſs children, frequently experience the moſt fatal conſequences, becauſe they are ignorant of its quality.

The entrance of a viſiter, interrupted their *tete-a-tete*. This was a goody goſſip, and an old acquaintance of Adela's; who being informed of her arrival by Dick, ran with all ſpeed to careſs the dear child, until ſhe was half-dead: to uſe her own phraſe. But gladly would Adela have diſpenſed with thoſe violent careſſes, pleaſed as ſhe was,

at again meeting this honeſt woman, who had been the attendant of her infant years: and was endowed with a memory, not at all inferior to Juliet's nurſe. She repeated minutely the moſt trivial incidents of her childhood. "Well to be ſure, there never was ſuch a baby ſeen, ſo forward, and ſo knowing; it was no wonder her Papa, and Mamma doated on her."

Thus the loquacious cottager ran on, till ſupper appeared; ſhe then with a profuſion of courteſies retired: and after partaking of a ſimple repaſt, a bell ſummoned the inhabitants of the vicarage to evening devotion: and Adela after its concluſion bidding Mr. Wilmot adieu for the night, was followed by Nannette to an apartment, plain, and ſimply elegant.

"Surely," ſaid ſhe, "if happineſs ever deigns to viſit the children of men, it is in ſcenes like this ſhe loves to dwell. Here ſhe eludes thoſe dark browed cares, that infeſts the dome of greatneſs: here no uſeleſs pomps and vanities, obſtruct the progreſs of

virtue; but religion, health, peace, and contentment may revel fecurely in thefe happy glades." "May my foul never forget thy leffons, O eternal wifdom! but may I be enabled to trace thy footfteps through all the varying fcenes of life."

With this prayer, fhe laid her head on the pillow, and the God of fleep waved his wand over her fenfes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WITH the morning fun Adela arofe to purfue her journey, and inftantly difpatched Nannette to order the carriage to be got ready: hoping to get away without the painful ceremony of a formal leave-taking; or the rifque of another detenfion from her hofpitable friend. But here fhe was difappointed; Mr. Wilmot was a ftill earlier

earlier matiner, the flowery creation was blooming beneath his hand, and expanding their ambient odours to the morning zephyr, ere Somnus had forſaken her pillow; but judging of her anxiety to be with her now only protectreſs, he no longer oppoſed her departure; but as ſoon as breakfaſt was removed, led her to the carriage, and repeated his wiſhes for her happineſs.

Dick puſhed aſide the poſtilion as he was about to open the door of the chaiſe, and performed the office himſelf, with a ſort of diſconſolate affection praying moſt vehemently all the time for bleſſings to reſt on the head of his dear young lady, as he termed Adela; ſtruck with his manner, ſhe held out her hand to him, in token of her gratitude, and he preſſed it to his boſom with an air, that would not have diſgraced a more refined ſwain.

Happy, thrice happy, are thoſe who poſſeſs, like this untutored ruſtic, that native gentleneſs of ſpirit, and glowing warmth of heart, which knows no delight

equal to that of obliging all with whom they affociate. This is the true politenefs which fchool labour can never beftow. All hail! thou invaluable bleffing! thou fmootheft the rugged path of life, and Elyfium fmiles around thee.

This was the quality which firft recommended Dick to the notice of Mr. Wilmot, and paved the way to innumerable dignities; for in addition to the houfehold lift of footman, gardener, compleat valet, who dreffed his mafter's hair, and fhaved him three times a week, and groom of the ftables; he was fole manager of an extenfive glebe, collector of the tythes, diftributer of the poor money, arbitrator of petty feuds, grave-digger, and toller of the bell, (*alias* Sexton) with all its innumerable avocations: which office procured him much refpect in the parifh.

But as honors are generally attended with fome inconvenience, fo Dick's elevated title of Parifh Officer often worked him, to ufe his own language, a world of trouble.

If a grave was opened too ſoon, to admit a new gueſt. If a tomb ſtone was removed; or ſurviving relatives ſaw nettles, or ſome obnoxious weed growing o'er the tenement of their deceaſed friends: when a yearly ſtipend was paid to have its reſpectful appearance ſupported. On any failures of this nature, which occured not unfrequently, the injured pariſhoners attacked poor Dick, and the parſonage reſounded with their clamours.

But Dick, to do him juſtice, was a fellow of infinite humour, and when reaſoning failed, often effected his peace by a well timed joke. Add to this uſeful quality, indefatigable induſtry, and tried fidelity, and wonder not that Mr. Wilmot regarded this valuable domeſtic, more than he was willing to evince.

Again Dick ſighed as the carriage drove off, hung his head, and with ſolemn ſtep returned to his gardening labour, took up the ſpade; but threw it from him, and ran back to get another peep at the diſappear-

ing carriage. Mr. Wilmot ſmiled at the poor fellow's oddities; and emphatically hoped Heaven would protect his amiable friend.

The poſtilion was obedient to the inſtructions he received, the rapidity with which he drove kept pace with the impatience of Adela, and before the hour of dining in the polite world, they arrived at their place of deſtination. A footman, who as well as his livery was unknown to Adela, opened the door, ſhe enquired for Mrs. Delamaine, and the man looked ſurpriſed, "Is not Mrs. Delamaine at home," repeated ſhe, "There is no ſuch lady here, Madam," he replied, "Not here!" returned Adela, Does not Mrs. Delamaine live here? The footman anſwered in the negative, adding "he knew no family of the name; but he had heard it mentioned by their cook: as for himſelf he was quite a new ſervant." Adela then requeſted he would enquire if *ſhe* knew where Mrs. Delamaine was removed. He complied,

and the cook returned with him. Adela inſtantly recollected her, ſhe lived in the ſame capacity with Mrs. Delamaine, and after expreſſing her joy at again ſeeing our heroine, related mournful tidings.

Mrs. Delamaine was gone to Germany with her friend the Doctor on buſineſs of importance, and not purpoſing to return ſoon, had diſpoſed of her houſe and furniture, to its preſent poſſeſſors, who were now out of Town. The woman added with ſadneſs, "Her dear old miſtreſs had met with trouble enough lately." Adela then enquired, "if there had been any letters from abroad left there for Mrs. Delamaine?"

The woman replied, there had, and were now in her poſſeſſion, and going into the houſe, ſhe returned with Adela's three laſt letters to that Lady: ſaying, ſhe knew not where to addreſs them to her late miſtreſs, ſhe therefore intended to keep them until her return. This Adela told her was now unneceſſary, and repaying her what ſhe had expended for poſtage, begged ad-

mittance

tance to reſt herſelf a few minutes. This was readily granted, and after diſcharging the carriage with an aching heart, ſhe followed her conductreſs.

Part of Mr. Fontinoy's cruel wiſh was now accompliſhed.

Poverty and bitterneſs of ſoul ſtared in her face, and Nannette was an additional cauſe; ſhe blamed herſelf for yielding to the ſolicitation of that worthy creature. She had not now a ſingle friend to whom ſhe could recommend her. Melancholy indeed were her reflections. "Good God! Where ſhall us find a home?" ſaid ſhe, ſtarting from her ſeat with emotion. Nannette ſobbed again, as audibly as when ſhe ſaw her lover's waving handkerchief, and the cook entered with toaſt and chocolate. It was truly welcome, Adela had faſted ſince morning, and was faint, with the addition of anxiety and fatigue; and Nannette was not in a much better ſtate; the cook obſerved her diſtreſs, and enquired if ſhe was again going to Barton?

 "To

"To Barton," repeated Adela, laying down her cup, and looking wiſtfully in the woman's face, "No; I know not where we are going."

She was about to ſay more; but a moment's reflection changed her purpoſe. No, ſhe wiſhed not to be traced, ſhe would hide herſelf in ſome remote corner, and far from the reach of unavailing pity. Labour for bread. None ſhould know of her diſtreſs. Nannette would help her to work, between them they might ſurely earn a ſubſiſtence, and mere poverty was not her dread.

Thus reſolved, ſhe ſeemed to recollect herſelf, ſmiled and told the woman ſhe now remembered a family, where ſhe ſhould remain until ſhe could fix on a home.

She finiſhed her chocolate, and the cook in a fearful tone of voice, enquired if ſhe had heard any thing of Mrs. Lennard lately, "Ah! no;" replied Adela. The retroſpect this brought to her view, was more then ſhe could bear. She aroſe without waiting

a reply; thanked her kind entertainer, and leaning on Nannette's arm was leaving the houſe; when recollecting their trunks, ſhe turned back to tell the footman they ſhould be ſent for the next morning, and walked into the ſtreet without knowing which way to direct her trembling ſteps.

"The world was all before them, where to chuſe
"Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEING myſelf no diſciple of the power of chance, I cannot attribute the courſe our heroine now purſued to its influence; but am more inclined to believe it the inevitable impulſe of fatality. But leaving this queſtion for the deciſion of more able caſuiſts.

I will ſimply follow our heroine in her ſearch after a lodging; a new, and to her a very awkward employment.

Not adverting to its impropriety ſhe kept on her travelling dreſs, which being in the higheſt ſtyle of Pariſian elegance, attracted no ſmall degree of obſervation from the paſſing croud.

Various were the comments that were made; ſome wondered ſuch fine habited ladies ſhould appear in the ſtreets without a footman: and others ſhrewdly animadverted on the Frenchified *tout enſemble* of poor Nannette: who, much offended at their rudeneſs, exclaimed, "*Ma chere, Madame! Ils ſont des aveugles!*"

Doubtleſs ſuppoſing they muſt certainly be blind not to be ſtruck with awe, and impreſſed with admiration at her own graces: and ſtill more ſo at the ſuperlative ones of her lady. Adela was likewiſe hurt at the univerſal notice they excited, but turning her eyes to their dreſs owned it no more than natural, and ſeeing a bill ſtuck

up at a decent houſe, with Lodgings to let furniſhed, ſhe knocked at the door, and it was opened by a lad about fourteen, of whom ſhe enquired, "what their lodgings were?" But inſtead of giving her any anſwer, he burſt into a tittering laugh in Nannette's face, who with open mouth was waiting his reply, and ran into an adjoining parlour. Offended, and no leſs ſurpriſed at ſuch behaviour, the angry particles mounted into Adela's face, and with haſty ſtep, ſhe turned from the door, when a pleaſing voice invited her back, ſhe looked round, and beheld ſuch an alluring figure, that her anger inſtantly vaniſhed, and they were ſhewn into the parlour, where the boy ſat in apparent diſgrace, and Nannette's eyes flaſhed fire at the ſight of him. The miſtreſs of the houſe with a ſmile of ineffable grace requeſted to know, "What apartments they wanted?" at the ſame time taking a full ſurvey of our wanderer's habiliments.

" I only want," replied Adela, bluſhing, " a very neat and humble apartment."

" Oh! Madam, I beg pardon," returned the landlady, rising upon her ſeat, " I am ſorry I ſhould have detained you, but I never," again glancing her eyes over Adela's perſon, " let my apartments to any but real ladies."

" For which appellation, I am unable to pay," replied Adela, rather nettled at the woman's inſinuation. Ned was now deſired to open the door for them, which he performed with alacrity, and repeating his inſolence when Nannette paſſed him, ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears. In vain Adela made uſe of every argument ſhe could think of to appeaſe her; the girl continued weeping from an exceſs of rage. Her appearance drew the attention of every paſſenger, who eagerly enquired the cauſe of her diſtreſs. Adela entreated her to be compoſed, ſhe was almoſt deprived of her ſenſes, and looking around ſaw a mob at their heels. A paſtry cook's ſhop was the

firſt

firſt aſylum that preſented itſelf, ſhe entered it with precipitation, and begged a ſhelter. " Do you want to buy any thing?" enquired a ſhort fat woman behind the counter; Adela did not make her a direct anſwer, but ardently repeated her requeſt. The woman now turned her eye to the window, and obſerving many people gathered round it, roughly demanded, " what ſhe brought a mob about her door for?" and bid her be gone, adding, " ſhe would warrant they followed her for no good: a fine ſtuck up tawdry Madam: and the crying one for all the world, like a gallanty-ſhow woman." Adela gazed in her face, and uttered the words, " good woman," perhaps, ſhe was going to remonſtrate on her cruelty; but the wretch prevented her. Marching her frightful perſon round the counter, ſhe ſtepped up to our trembling heroine, and ſeizing her by one arm, " Don't good woman me, don't you huſſey," ſaid ſhe, ſhaking her violently, " for if you do, I'll have you taken up for ſcandal. Good wo-

man, indeed! I tell you, I wo'nt take it from ſuch trumpery as you. Go troop, I ſay, or I'll ſend for a conſtable, for all your fine jarkin here." Nannette ſeeing her miſtreſs thus mal-treated, forgot her own wrongs and flew to her reſcue. Puſhing the woman violently away, ſhe fell on the floor, and, oh, diſaſterous! in her fall threw down two large glaſs jars full of confectionary, and ſhivered them to pieces. The noiſe thoſe made, together with the cries of the woman, who received a large contuſion in the back of her head, brought the whole family, and indeed, every inhabitant in the houſe to her aſſiſtance. Dire was the conflict between Nannette and them, the former uttered unintelligible threatenings for the alarm given her miſtreſs, and inſiſted on being ſuffered to depart. But a young virago barricadoed the door, and diſpatched the apprentice for an officer of juſtice to ſecure the offenders; who ſhe loudly declared had murdered her mother. In the mean time the old woman was raiſed

from

from the ground by the lodgers and ſervants; and Adela ſat like a ſpectre, unable to utter a word. Paſſion ſupported Nannette. She trembled and raved by turns. A conſtable entered, to whom they were conſigned, until the old woman's head was examined, and the glaſſes paid for.

This ſaid Conſtable proved to be a man of extraordinary ſuſceptibilities in his way: his countenance inſpired Adela with courage to relate her wrongs. He reſted his chin on his ſtaff, looked ſtedfaſtly in her face, and declared ſhe had been very ill treated. It was a pity to be ſure, her maid had been ſo haſty; but he would, he aſſured her, upon his honor counterpoiſe the matter as well as poſſible. Adela gratefully expreſſed her acknowledgments, and Nannette quite exhauſted again had reſource to tears. The paſtry-cook's daughter overhearing his profeſſions, exclaimed in a ſhrill voice, "Ay, to be ſure, Mr. Winkit, you're a fine juſtice man to ſide with ſhe, becauſe ſhe's pretty, Indeed, Mr. Winkit it is very

ungen-

ungentlemanlike behaviour of you; but I'll ſend for all the conſtables in the Chriſtenthumb, but what Mother ſhall be righted." "God forbid, Miſs Serimpem, that I ſhould fail in my profeſſional duty: or my duty to a ſiſter in affliction, as I may call this young lady," replied Mr. Winkit, "but right is right you know, Miſs Serimpem." "Ay, ay, Sir; ſo it is," returned the lady, "but I think, Sir, it i'nt wery right to enter into a connivation with nobody knows who, againſt ſuch cuſtomers as we are; but God willing, you'll have no more of our money, I'll aſſure you." That neither makes nor mars, Miſs," ſaid this honeſt man, "I'll not ſtir an inch from duty for that, come open the door and let the ladies go, you'll be paid for your glaſſes, and that's out of the letter of the law, conſidering your mother was the firſt tranſgreſſor." "I, a tranſgreſſor," replied the mother, "I ſcorn your words, Sir. She brought a mob about my ſhop, Mr. Winkit, to the great injury of my character, for nobody can ſay there

there ever was a mob round my door before, ſince I firſt kept houſe, and I hope, Polly won't let 'em go, till the Doctor ſees if I am mortally wounded, and make 'em pay all expences." "Pſhaw, pſhaw;" replied Mr. Wickit, "mortally wounded, hey; no danger of that, I warrant ye, be adviſed by me, take the money, and I'll pledge myſelf for the damage done your ſkull." But Mrs. Serimpem perſiſted in her reſolution with much virulence: and the Surgeon entered. "A ſlight wound, a very ſlight wound;" repeated he with a careleſs air, "not worth ſending for me about." This ſaid Surgeon was a very fine young fellow, and having heard the whole ſtory before, came ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in favour of our heroine, and her unfortunate attendant. With the aſſiſtance of thoſe two champions our wanderers were releaſed after Adela had paid two guineas for Nannette's trial of ſkill.

So great was their joy on being emancipated from the power of thoſe furies, that

Adela for a moment, forgot her truly deſolate ſituation, and Nannette ſeemed to walk on air, ſo light were her ſpirits, and ſo forgetful was ſhe of their unhouſed condition that it was only reſpect to her miſtreſs that prevented her mirth from being as ſingular as her ſorrow had lately been. But ſoon did the want of an habitation recur to our heroine. The lamps were lit. At ſuch a time of night ſo apparelled to procure a lodging, ſhe feared was impracticable. What was to be done? She conſulted the profile of her eſcort. Mr. Winkit's countenance was really that of a good Samaritan: beſides he was an elderly man. The other was young, and ſhe thought had ſome appearance of libertiniſm. So it was reſolved to relate her embaraſſments to the kind conſtable.

At the door of the ſurgeon's habitation he bade them adieu, and Mr. Winkit en-enquired if they were far from home? This was the time, and Adela replied with emotion, "They had no home." "No home,"

repeated

repeated Mr. Winkit, " how ſo? what is the meaning of that?" She explained the myſtery. " Alas! dear young lady," ſaid the compaſſionate man, " my heart bleeds for you, would to God, I had a home to offer. I have a houſe to be ſure, Miſs, and a good houſe, though I ſay it; but what of that? It's not under my juriſdiction. I am married you muſt know, Miſs. I married a common council-man's daughter, and had a very pretty fortune with her; but I'm not happy for all that. I am ſorry to ſay it, but ſhe is'nt the woman to my mind. She is a woman of a terrible high ſpirit, very jealous, will have her own way, and ſometimes makes the houſe too hot to hold me." Adela ſmiled at the hiſtory, and Mr. Winkit proceeded. " However, Miſs, I will do my beſt for you. Here's a very creditable inn juſt by, and I'm well known to the landlord; you may get a very good bed there for the night, and in the morning I'll go myſelf and ſee about a lodging for you."

Adela ſhrunk at the mention of thus unguarded ſleeping at an inn; but there was no alternative, ſo poſitively acquieſcing ſhe followed her new made friend.

The inn was a very ſuperior one. The landlord the emblem of beef and pudding, a boon companion; and Mr. Winkit's very beſt friend. He looked archly in Adela's face, and declared ſhe ſhould be well taken care of, and ſhewing them into a room introduced them to his lady wife, a ſhort ſpare woman with one eye, apparently old enough to be his grandmother. With this one eye, which literally was a piercer, ſhe ſurveyed our heroine and her maid with the ſtricteſt attention.

Mr. Winkit called for ſome punch, and related the ſtory of Mrs. Serimpem. "I always apprehended," ſaid the landlady, bridling and looking aſkant at Adela, "that Mrs. Serimpem was a very judicious ſort of a perſon." "You are always apprehending ſtuff," replied the landlord haſtily, "but I've told you often enough, ſhe is

no better than an old cant." "Well, Sir, a miſtake is no robbery I ſuppoſe," returned the lady biting her nether lip. Her lord and maſter looked angry, and turning to Adela enquired, "what ſhe would like for ſupper." "A cup of coffee," ſhe ſaid, was all ſhe wiſhed for. This was ſoon procured, Nannette partook in the repaſt, and as ſoon as Mr. Winkit took his leave they were ſhewn to their apartment. Reſtleſs and feveriſh from her late alarms ſleep was a ſtranger to Adela's eye lids, while her companion lay immerſed in happy inſenſibility. A thouſand, and ten thouſand terrifying fears paſſed in ſucceſſion through Adela's mind, and increaſed her indiſpoſition. Various were the ſchemes ſhe revolved, ſhe could fix on none; but ſo fully did they poſſeſs her imagination that the chambermaid came to inform her Mr. Winkit was below, and wanted to ſee her before ſhe once reflected on the lapſe of time.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I HAVE brought you news that I hope will be welcome, Miſs," ſaid Mr. Winkit, who met Adela at the bottom of the ſtairs. "Come, don't look ſo much down in the mouth, why, I've got you a lodging, child; and I hope it will pleaſe you, the people of the houſe are very civil, and I'll ſee every thing made as eaſy as I can for you: ſhe's ready for you now, and as ſoon as you've had your breakfaſt, you had better go with me, and ſee how you like it: for," added he, "the bargain is'nt ſtruck yet." Adela replied ſhe had much more reliance on his judgment in the preſent caſe than her own; and if he approved of the lodging, wiſhed to go to it immediately, as it was very diſtreſſing to her to remain at an inn, "why as for that, child," returned Mr. Winkit, (who adopted the familiar epithet of child, from a ſort of affectionate

intereſt

intereſt he felt in our heroine's favor) this houſe is certainly as good a houſe as you can be in the public way; but I think a private one is certainly properer for a young lady like you, and as you depend upon me, I do'nt think, I could meet with a better than the one I have ſpoken of, ſo when you have had your breakfaſt, if you pleaſe, you may go to it. If you don't like it there is no obligations to ſtay after you are there, for you muſt only take it for a week certain." Our heroine readily acquieſced, and diſpatching breakfaſt with alacrity deſired a hackney coach to be called, which conveyed them to their deſtined habitation. It was ſituated in a clean and reputable neighbourhood in the vicinity of one of the Inns of Court. Its owner was one, whoſe fellow, if you ſearch the world around will ſcarce be met with. A natural curioſity in every ſenſe of the word. Bred to a genteel calling, he purſued it with credit, though with great repugnance many years. At length wearied with machanic

pur-

pursuits, and conceiving himself entitled to a superior walk in life, he threw aside his apron and commenced dentist, for which profession, to do him justice, he was eminently qualified, for when he called on his customers to know how their new teeth pleased, he never failed to furnish himself with some flattering, or scandalous anecdote, (according to the taste of the party) by which happy expedient they had an opportunity of displaying their newly acquired beauties, and if situated opposite a faithful mirror, they never failed of evincing uncommon complacency, pronouncing the dentist a most pleasant creature, and accompanying their smiles with something far more welcome. Yet notwithstanding all this pleasantry when interest called, view him in his domestic circle, and you would surely fancy him some Eastern Bashaw; for never was there a more despotic tyrant. The care-worn partner of his life trembled at his nod, and mourned in secret the ill fared hour that made her, wife. His friends de-

ſpiſed and left him. His narrow ſelfiſh ſoul the exact counterpart of himſelf, haughty, petulent, and conceited, taught him to domineer even over the mother that bore him.

Miſtaken man. Unjuſt and cruel father, thou art leading thy offspring into a path which muſt inevitably tend to utter deſtruction. Inſtructing him like thyſelf, to hold in contempt every ſhadow of religion, and trample on the rights of thy fellow mortals. Such was the maſter of Adela's new abode. I have ſaid he could ſmile, flatter and cringe, when he had any ſelf gratification in view, and Adela being young, elegant, and he ſuppoſed, poſſeſſed of a little ready caſh, he deemed it neceſſary to be moſt amazingly polite. Mr. Winkit who had very wiſely concealed her real ſituation, fearing it might expoſe her to many inconveniences, and with people in general could be productive of no good, repreſented them as a lady and her maid from the Continent, who were to be in Town a ſhort

time

time on bufinefs, and wifhed to live as private and unexpenfive as poffible; and very earneftly cautioned Adela againft placing the leaft confidence in the people of the houfe, until fhe was affured they were worthy of it. " For," fays he, " Mifs, I'm forry to fay it; but 'tis certainly true, the world are all up in arms againft diftrefs. Poverty is a crime few can forgive, therefore let nothing but neceffity induce you to divulge it." " But my good Sir, we muft work for bread:" replied Adela, " and how is that to be done, unlefs people know I am poor?" " Why as to that, child, I have got a fcheme in my head," returned Mr. Winkit, " that I hope will anfwer for you; but Rome was not built in a day, fo make yourfelf eafy now, and to-morrow I will call and let you know all about it."

Again, and again, did Adela thank her difinterefted friend, and giving him a commiffion to fend for her trunk from Mrs. Delamaine's, he took his leave, exhorting

her to keep up her ſpirits, and laviſhing encomiums on her, to the dentiſt and his wife. The former was infinitely delighted with his new lodger, pronouncing her, "A fine young dog, a pretty little fellow." Epithets which he never beſtowed on any but his reigning favorites, but which he indiſcriminately applied without diſtinction of ſexes. From ſome cauſe or other this ſaid perſonage had contracted an oddity of manner in his unguarded moments, which not unfrequently gained him the appellation of madman! Whether he deſerved it or not, I cannot take upon me to determine; but certain it is, he had much the appearance of it; ſuch as muttering to himſelf, ſtarting ſuddenly from his ſeat, ſtriking his forehead, uttering incoherent ſentences, ſtamping with his foot, and after being re-ſeated a few moments ſeeming to forget the whole tranſaction. Poor man! he was certainly whimſical; but if really inſane, I take upon me to affirm, it was not much learning that made him ſo. The ſon imi-

tated his father's *politesse* to our heroine, and the lady of the house durst not utter her real sentiments; but she did not greatly admire the strange lady, and as for Nannette she was soon the object of her fixed aversion, but fear made her civil and attentive, and Adela was perfectly satisfied.

After Mr. Winkit's departure Adela retired to her own room. It was really such as she wished, neat and humble. It contained no useless ornament. Four rush bottom chairs, an old fashioned worm eaten dining table, not very modern, tea ditto, and a piece of furniture that reminded her of a certain poetical description,

" A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

was the principal part of the contents. Nannette looked round with a kind of suppressed disapprobation, then gazed ardently in her mistress's face, who knowing her thoughts mildly said, " It is good enough for

for me, Nannette, here I can work and weep, far from

> "The cruel ſcorn,
> Which poverty will never fail to meet,
> From giddy paſſion, and low-minded pride."

"But far be it from me to make you a partaker in my adverſity. If your needle can here procure you a ſupport equal to ſervice, I ſcruple not to aſſure you, your ſociety will be an infinite comfort to me; But if not, we muſt part, no conſideration ſhall prevail on me to ſuffer you to injure yourſelf from a miſtaken tenderneſs to me. I can ſuffer whatever it pleaſeth Heaven to inflict on myſelf, I hope with reſignation; but I cannot bear to be the cauſe of afflicting others. I cannot now hope to procure you an eligible ſervice here, as I have you ſee, no friends, and my own recommendation would be of no effect, becauſe I am poor."

Nannette uttered many an emphatical *mon Dieu!* during this harangue, and eat

 away

away an entire finger of one of her gloves. " I know not what we ſhall do about dinner," ſaid Adela, again conſidering their dreſs. " We are neither of us fit to be ſeen; perhaps, the people of the houſe can get us ſome." She was very ill, but wiſhed to conceal it. Her head ached violently, and ſhe reſted it for a moment on her hand. A gentle tap at the door of their apartment, Nannette opened it. It was Maſter Jacques with his Papa and Mamma's compliments to the lady, and as ſhe was not ſettled yet, begged the favor of her company to dine with them. Adela was very reluctant, but Nannette ſeconded them, and ſhe complied with their requeſt. The repaſt was evidently more ſplendid than uſual, in compliment ſhe vainly ſuppoſed to herſelf. But ſoon was ſhe undeceived by the appearance of two ladies from the City. Very accompliſhed ſweet girls, as Mrs. Jacques repeatedly told them, but Adela had not taſte enough to reliſh their converſation, therefore could not attend to it; indeed, had it

been more calculated to give her pleaſure, her indiſpoſition of body and mind, would certainly have prevented it. She ſat, except immerſed in thought, except when a horrid panegyric from Mr. Jacques rouſed her for a moment. " Only obſerve, ſaid he in an audible whiſper to one of the females above-mentioned, " do take notice of that lady's teeth, they are really charming! admirably arranged, and only want ſcaling to be the moſt perfect ſet I ever beheld." " Has your teeth ever been ſcaled?" ſaid he to Adela in a louder key. " Never, Sir;" was her reply. Jacques ſtared her in the face, and grinned horridly a ghaſtly ſmile. " Never ſcaled!" repeated he, ha, hum! that's very amazing! never ſcaled you ſay? Why, where have you lived?" Adela bluſhed, but remained ſilent. ' Some old dad's fault, I ſuppoſe, hum, hum, is'nt it ſo?" She looked rather contemptuouſly, but ſtill was ſilent. " Well, well; can have it done now without aſking leave, hey! Got clear off now, hey! Your own miſ-

trefs now, hey! No longer under difcipline! Ah! its a fine thing to get free." Ha! Jem, all fathers are'nt like me, what fay you, my boy? you're not dumb too, I hope?" Indeed, Papa, we all know you're very good;" replied Jem, pertly fneering at Adela; who he faw was already in the train of Papa's good graces. She was really ill. The head ach was as fhe feared only a prelude to fomething worfe. Her face was flufhed with crimfon, a kind of tremulous agitation fhook her whole frame. She apologized to the company and withdrew. Various were the ftrictures paffed on her. The ladies pitied her, poor thing, fhe had very little to fay. " Faith I, I liked her very prodigioufly at firft," faid Mr. Jacques, " thought her a clever little fellow enough, did'nt you, Mifs Sally?" addreffing his wife. She had fcarcely feen her. Could not pretend to form fuch hafty judgments. " No; nor any judgment at all, I believe;" replied the don, " always keep your mouth fhut, don't let every

every body know you're a fool. Judgment indeed! you muſt talk of judgment. Poor thing, I wiſh you knew what common ſenſe was." Poor Miſs Sally made no reply, and his gueſts knew him well. He chucked one of them under the chin. "Well, you little dog, how d'ye come on with your French? let me look at your teeth?" She grinned. Oh! for the picture of an Hogarth to delineate the ſcene). A ſad fellow, a ſad lazy fellow, neglected them ſhamefully, muſt have them ſcaled again." A viſiter was at this moment announced, and in walked Mr. Winkit. "How is the young lady?" he repeatedly enquired before he obtained a reply; at laſt, they would let her know he was there, believed ſhe was not very well; Nannette obeyed the ſummons, her miſtreſs was very ill, ſhe thought feveriſh, and was juſt lain down and fallen aſleep. "Don't diſturb her," ſaid Mr. Winkit, "I will come again before night. I have only brought your trunks now, according to the lady's

desire; I fetched them myself in a coach, and they are put in the kitchen till you can get them carried up stairs. Give my respects to your mistress when she wakes; poor thing; indeed, I'm sorry to hear she's so poorly, but I hope, 'twill soon go off, its only fatigue. But you must keep up your spirits, and not droop too." With these words Mr. Winkit left Nannette, who returned to watch the starting slumbers of her much loved lady." But very differently were the parlour circle employed, they were busied in literally mangling the good name of our heroine.

The Miss Chittys knew Mrs. Winkit intimately before she married that low fellow; but since that period had dropped all acquaintance with her: however, they were really sorry for her poor woman, though she had been so imprudent as to enter into a connection beneath herself, it was a pity her money should be squandered away on others. " If I thought that was the case,' replied the sagacious Jacques, " Miss fine airs

airs ſhould not ſtay long under my roof, indeed, from her melancholy look at dinner, I am led to believe ſhe is ſome poor diſtreſſed thing that he has met with; and you know it is very uncomfortable to have thoſe ſort of people in one's houſe, if they are no worſe than poor, eſpecially ſuch dainty ladies as this, that ſeems to expect as much defference paid her, as if ſhe was ſomebody." Well, Mrs. Jacques was not at all ſurpriſed, ſhe thought the firſt moment ſhe beheld her, there was a ſomething very ſuſpicious in her. "Huſh, Mrs. Sagacity," returned her imperious lord, "huſh, I beſeech you, we want none of your wiſe remarks."

This converſation was carefully treaſured up by a ſervant maid, who was removing the dinner apparatus, and faithfully tranſmitted to Nannette, to whom ſhe carried up a ſhare of the fragments.

Paſſion again ſhook every nerve of this ſenſitive French woman; but from the real attachment ſhe bore her lady, ſhe ſuppreſ-

ſed the effects; however, vexation deprived her of appetite, and the maid diſappeared with the viands juſt as Adela awoke.

"Have you ate any thing, Nannette?" was her firſt enquiry, "*oui Madame*," was the chearful reply, but *la rouge* ſtarted into Nannette's face, and our heroine doubted the truth of what ſhe ſaid. "I fear you deceive me, Nannette, you have not dined I am aſſured." Nannette bluſhed ſtill deeper, and was ſilent; but inſtantly recovering herſelf, inſtead of anſwering the queſtion, ſhe enquired with energy, if her dear lady was ſtill ill? "No, very ſlightly indiſpoſed," and ſhe begged for a cup of coffee. Nannette flew to her new friend, ſhe promiſed to get it for her, and Nannette returned to inform our heroine of Winkit's viſit. It was moſt welcome intelligence, their habiliments were much deranged, others were now procured, and Adela found herſelf much refreſhed. The coffee entered, and with it another meſſage from Mr. Winkit, he was deſired to walk

up,

up, and congratulated our heroine on the alteration in her looks; "yes, ſhe was much better, and hoped the Almighty would ſupport her." "No doubt, no doubt of that, Miſs," repeated Mr. Winkit, "your trunks are all right, I hope; the ſervants where I went for them was very curious about you; but I obeyed your commands, did not ſatisfy them a word about you, and now you ſeem a little recovered and ſettled, I'll tell you what I have been contriving for you. You muſt know, child, I have got an acquaintance that keeps a great toy-ſhop. I have been ſpeaking to her this morning, and if you know any thing about doll dreſſing, you may have your hands full of work: and they tell me, it is a very good trade; I told her, you were juſt come from France, and that is a great recommendation, ſo if you like, you may have ſome to make trial directly." "Moſt joyfully," was her reply; and again ſhe expreſſed her acknowledgments, while Nannette danced round the room. Her

volatile ſpirits were recalled by theſe happy news. She had been flattered with a good taſte, and her higheſt ambition was to conſole and aſſiſt her miſtreſs. Nannette's pride too was no leſs concerned than our heroine's, and it could only be gratified by being uſeful. Mr. Winkit again left them, deſiring Adela to be as merry as a little queen. All would go on well enough now, ſhe ſhould ſoon have employment, and muſt be ſure to keep the people of the houſe to their agreement, which was to let her ſit in the back parlour, to have the uſe of the kitchen, and the maid to inſtruct Nannette in the cuſtoms, &c. of London. Adela applauded the bargain, and aſſured him ſhe would obſerve his injunctions.

Nannette aſſiſted by her new intimate brought the trunks up ſtairs. They were unpacked and adjuſted, juſt as a large parcel arrived from the toy-ſhop.

A dozen wax dolls to be dreſſed as ſoon as poſſible. It was an employment Adela had often undertaken to pleaſe her infant favorites,

favorites, little ſuppoſing it would ever procure her bread: yet ſuch was the event. Nannette and herſelf immediately ſat to work, two of the inanimates were ſoon accoutred, and when the toy-woman's ſervant called the next day they were ſent as a ſpecimen, before they attempted more.

CHAPTER XL.

OUR heroine's performance and that of her ingenious aſſiſtant, was highly ſatisfactory. The toy-vender was delighted with their taſte, and ſent an additional ſupply. The Jacques's were at firſt very troubleſome, perpetually obtruding themſelves on Adela, and aſſailing Nannette with impertinent enquiries. But at length wearied with the reſerve of one, and the rather tart replies of the other, they left

them (to adopt their own language) to their meditations. Our heroine devoted her whole time to her needle: Nannette was her kind confoler, difinterefted friend, and moft attentive fervant.

Their bufinefs went forward with alacrity, and notwithftanding fome delays from indifpofition they earned fifteen fhillings and ninepence the firft week. "This my good Nannette," faid Adela as fhe was examining the filver, "this will fecure us from want, and while I can earn my fhare, never, no never will I experience again the galling yoke of dependence: a ftate, even at the beft ill qualified for a mind like mine. The contemptuous air, the haughty accent! what fuperior foul can bear it?

"Oh, dependence! bitter! bitter draught! deep have I drank of thee! Often have I tafted thy oftentatious luxuries, and as often felt thy moft tyrannic fcourge. Exquifite mifery dwells even in thy fmile, far better in my eftimation is the pooreft morfel labour can procure, the draught of water,

and the bed of ſtraw. You, Nannette are independent too, in that I rejoice, you will love me the better for it; reciprocal good offices are the bonds of unanimity. Think not ye who aim at trampling down the ſpirits of your fellow beings, reproaching them in the hour of diſtreſs, adding ſorrow to the afflicted heart, and keeping them in baſe ſubordination. It is not for ſuch as you, vain graſpers at worldly applauſe to experience the Divine pleaſure of being beloved. You may be ſought after for the hunger-ſating morſel, but be aſſured thy moſt ungracious manner of beſtowing it ſtrikes, at the very head of the receiver, and while he ſatisfies the cravings of nature with thy gifts, he remembers the inſulting donor; and perhaps, his cruel taunts; and waſhes his meal with the tears of repugnance."

"We will go a marketing, Nannette," added our heroine. But Nannette oppoſed the intention, "ſhe might perhaps meet ſome of her fine acquaintance, and ſhe would be very much hurt; no, ſhe wiſhed

Madame

Madame would not go out, except it was in the morning, when there was no chance of ſeeing them; ſhe knew Madame was very delicate, and could not bear any hurries, or flurries. Adela pauſed, then with a ſmile of ineffable ſweetneſs aſſented to Nannette's well meant intreaty, and ſuffered her to go alone. A guittar which Mrs. Lennard preſented her with was now her ſole amuſement. She was a paſſionate lover of muſic, and whenever more than uſually depreſſed, its ſoothing influence afforded her comfort. She took it up when Nannette quitted the room, and played a variety of tunes accompanying it with her voice; when ſhe was interrupted by a gentle tapping at the parlour door. She opened it, and beheld Sir William Urſell!

" She ſtarted! and let the guittar fall to the floor. Sir William ran to her, ſupported her in his arms, and begged her forgiveneſs. " I heard your angelic voice," ſaid he, " and knew not what I was about."

Adela silently disengaged herself from his embrace, then begging he would be seated, she enquired for his lady and daughter. He parted from them lately, he replied, in Edinburgh, he could not say well; for Lady Ursell had been long confined in that country by a severe fit of illness. But Harriet was in perfect health, and he supposed our heroine had heard of her intended union with Mr. Melville. Adela said she had heard of his addresses to Miss Ursell, but knew not they were crowned with success. "Yes, the attachment was reciprocal, and their nuptials were only delayed by Lady Ursell's illness." Here Sir William paused, —then, "may I Miss Northington without incurring your censure enquire the reason of your being thus immured?" She paused in her turn, and after some hesitation, briefly related the events that had thus reduced her; and Sir William seemed to partake in every vicissitude. "Dear amiable creature!" exclaimed he clasping her hands, "Lovely patient sufferer! What a pity thou

thou ſhoud'ſt ever know diſtreſs? Indeed, I ſincerely wiſh it was in my power to aſſiſt you, I ſhould be infinitely happy to be enabled to diſpel the preſent gloom, for your ſituation is certainly moſt pitiable!" Adela could ill bear the laſt ſentence, it ſunk deep into her ſoul, and every mental wound bled afreſh. It was certainly moſt pitiable to be reduced to indigence, but was it delicate to tell her ſo? She thought not. Sir William aroſe. "Be comforted, Madam," ſaid he, "I will do all in my power for you. I will very ſoon ſee you again." He was going, but Adela detained him a moment to beg he would not divulge the place of her abode. She had nothing to expect from her friends; but pity! and as that availed but little, ſhe wiſhed not to trouble them, but preferred living thus unknown, and eating the humble bread of her own induſtry. "And did ſhe really wiſh to live thus?" "Yes," ſhe aſſured Sir William it was now her only ambition. A ſtrange whim it muſt be allowed, however,

ever, ſhe ſhould be indulged at preſent. When her preſent dejection abated ſhe would think differently. But he gave her his honor her ſecret ſhould be inviolable, until he had her permiſſion to diſcover it. Again Sir William repeated his profeſſions of ſympathy and friendſhip, and Nannette knocked at the door as he was bidding our heroine adieu. The French woman gazed at him with a look of curioſity, and carried her marketting into the kitchen. But no ſooner was Sir William gone, then Adela ſummoned her, and related the particulars of their interview; Nannette was thunder-ſtruck, ſhe had often ſeen that gentleman with Mr. Jacques, he was there almoſt every day, ſhe never heard his name before, but Betty told her he was a great man, and ſhe hoped he would be a true friend to her dear ſweet lady, and help her to find out Madame Delamaine, when ſhe came from abroad. "That is my only wiſh," replied Adela, "and that I am aſſured Sir William will do; but I was really ſo ſurpriſed at ſee-

ing

ing him, that I failed to enquire about that ever dear lady. But he will call again, and I ſhall, I hope, be more compoſed."

Nannette then gave an account of her ſtewardſhip, boaſting of the knowledge ſhe had obtained in the ways of the town, and the tricks of trade by Betty's inſtructions; none of the Londoners could impoſe on her ſhe declared, producing a very fine looking lobſter ſhe had bought for ſixpence. "It looks well, Nannette," ſaid our heroine. It was accordingly prepared for their ſupper, when, oh! ſad miſhap, this ſaid fine lobſter of which Nannette had talked ſo much, proved to be, little better than a maſs of putrified ſlime. Nannette ſhed a torrent of angry tears, cried out againſt the fiſhmonger and all his race. "*Morblieu*," ſhe repeated, ſnatching up the fragments of the lobſter, and putting on her hat, "where are you going?" enquired Betty. She was going to be revenged of the cheat. But Betty adviſed her to be patient, and get ſomething elſe for her miſtreſs's ſupper.

No,

No, nothing elſe would do. Well ſhe, ſhould be gratified, another was accordingly procured, and our heroine knew nothing of the deception put on Nannette.

Mr. Winkit was their frequent viſiter, ever friendly and attentive. The people of the houſe civil, but diſtant. A conſtant ſupply from the toy-ſhop, and a never failing ſpring of happineſs in the gentle boſom of our heroine. But Sir William Urſell proved no acquiſition. He came indeed, again and again; but to what purpoſe? only to remind Adela that ſhe was poor. To applaud her goodneſs, and humble her ſoul, already bowed down to the ground by effuſions of oſtentatious pity.

"He could not conceive how ſhe lived, poor thing. Indeed, he felt ſincerely for her ſituation. She was a moſt charming woman, and he ſincerely wiſhed ſhe was rich."

Often did the tear of ſenſibility tremble in our heroine's eye, at theſe unceaſing proofs of, may I not term it, cruel inſult.

'Till

'Till now, ſhe never believed a character exiſted who delighted in the contemplation of misfortune. But that Sir William did ſo was evinced by his conduct, and confirmed by every ſentiment of affected compaſſion that he uttered. He was her daily viſiter, and her poverty was, to uſe a vulgar expreſſion,

"The conſtant burthen of his Song."

"I am not poor, Sir William," ſhe would often ſay, "while I am thus independent, I can never be poor."

A wretched independence this, was his conſtant reply, and a deep ſigh as conſtantly attended it, while he glanced his eye round her humble apartment.

"How different a being," would ſhe often ſay, "did I imagine Sir William Urſell, while proſperity danced around me in the gay habitation of Mrs. Lennard. But this is the period, when the world appears without diſguiſe: for who will be at

the pains to diſſemble with poverty. Yet ſhe wiſhed Sir William Urlell would deſiſt from viſiting her. He really diſturbed the ſmall ſhare of felicity now in her power, and ſurely he could derive no ſatisfaction from her ſociety, for ſhe could not diveſt herſelf of reſerve in his preſence, and from an unaccountable depreſſion of ſpirits which he always brought with him, was unequal to the taſk of ſatisfying his ſenatinous enquiries. As for Mrs. Delamaine, he knew very little about her, never cultivated her acquaintance much, but believed ſhe was ſomewhere abroad. Mrs. Lennard he had quite given up ſince her unkindneſs to our heroine, and had heard nothing of her ſince.

This was all the intelligence our heroine could obtain from Sir William, and at length, perfectly wearied out with him, ſhe reſolved to change her lodgings: and after adviſing with Mr. Winkit and obtaining his acquieſcence, told Mr. Jacques her intention. He ſeemed greatly ſurpriſed, and

enquired

enquired her motive for leaving him. Intimidated at his manner, ſhe pleaded a deſign of going into the country; but he ſeemed very ill-ſatisfied; and muttering ſomething unintelligible left her, and ſoon returned with his bill, wherein was a charge for five weeks lodging, (the whole time of her being there) and a variety of kitchen utenſils broken, and injured by Nannette: the whole amounting to upwards of five guineas. Adela ſtarted at the ſight of it, ſaying, ſhe always had diſcharged the lodging every week. "To whom was it paid then?" was Mr. Jacques, enquiry, "he, nor his wife, had never ſeen a farthing of her money yet."

"She had regularly ſent it by Betty."

"By Betty, oh! a very pretty way, indeed? It might be ſo to be ſure, he could not contradict her, for Betty had left them that morning, bag and baggage. But he muſt be paid at any rate, ſhe could not expect he ſhould ſtand to the loſs." Adela owned it a moſt unlucky incident, but

hoped

hoped Mr. Jacques would make ſome enquiry after the girl, he moſt probably knew where ſhe was. "Not he indeed, he never troubled himſelf about ſervants after they quitted his family; but if ſhe thought proper to remain in his apartment, ſhe might take her time about the payment of the debt."

Adela's cheek fluſhed. "No ſhe could not ſtay on any conſideration. She could not conſent to be tied any where." She pulled out her purſe. Its whole contents were three guineas and ſome ſilver, ſhe put the gold into his hand, and told him he ſhould have the remainder the following day. He left her with a ſullen air, and ſhe began to contrive by what means ſhe ſhould raiſe the money. "She muſt ſell ſomething; but what could it be? She had many valuable trinkets, but they were all endeared by their ſeveral donors. Them ſhe could not part with. But her watch, ay, her watch it ſhould be."

Nannette had been carrying home ſome work during this tranſaction, and returned full fraught with more. But no ſooner was ſhe acquainted with the charge againſt her friend Betty, then one of her phrenzy fits took abſolute poſſeſſion of her; " how could Madame believe it? Theſe people were bad people. Betty was a good girl. But ſhe heard both Mr. and Mrs. Jacques picking a quarrel with her, when ſhe was going out with the work. They had ſent her away on purpoſe, ſhe knew they had; but ſhe hoped Madame would not pay them.'

Adela told her ſhe had already paid a part: and by what means ſhe purpoſed diſcharging the whole. " *Mon Dieu*!" exclaimed Nannette in agony. " Madame, Madame; you ſhall not do ſo! " Indeed, but I really will," replied Adela coolly. Nannette recollected herſelf, bluſhed at the impropriety of what ſhe had uttered, and begged her lady pardon. They went out together, ſold the watch, and paid Mr. Jacques his whole demand, juſt as Mr.

Winkit

Winkit called to eſcort our heroine in ſearch of another habitation. She related the proceeding, and he was not much leſs agitated than Nannette. "It was all chicane," he ſaid, "ſhe was wrong to truſt the maid, though he ſuſpected the higher powers; but there was no knowing the truth now. She muſt be more wary in future. But he was ſorry ſhe had been ſo haſty, he could have helped her to a little caſh without ſelling her watch."

"You could, could you, you good for nothing vile, abominable wretch! exclaimed a very diminutive woman, bolting into the room like a fury, "what right have you to help her to caſh? why you did not know what caſh was till you married me, you did not, you ſniveling villain you; but I'll teach you to ſquander my money away in this manner." So ſaying, ſhe flew at the poor man's periwig, and after beating all the powder out in his eyes, ſhe threw it into the fire. The poor patient ſufferer all the time

repeating, "Peggy, Peggy, you are miſtaken. Liſten to reaſon, Peggy."

Oh! for the pencil of an Hogarth to delineate the ſcene. The people of the houſe pretending to effect a peace; but in reality adding fuel to the flame. Nannette with open mouth and eyes extended, gazing in ſilence, and our heroine almoſt petrified with horror! and amazement!

"Reaſon," echoed the termagant, beſtowing ſuch diſcipline on her unoffending huſband, as made his eyes flaſh fire. "Yes, yes, I'll reaſon with you, and her too, with a vengeance to you," turning to attack Adela. But though Mr. Winkit bore his own wrongs with true philoſophic temper, he could not bear to ſee another injured through his means; but ſeizing his virago by both her hands, confined her in a chair, and ſhe ſcreamed herſelf into ſtrong hyſterics. Our heroine exceedingly alarmed, uſed every means to facilitate her recovery to the no ſmall vexation of Nannette, who ever the vengeful champion of her lady,

earneſtly entreated her not to touch the viper, for ſhe would ſurely get ſome miſchief. But ſhe could not now prevail. Humanity was the darling attribute of our heroine's ſoul. Pity was all ſhe could feel for Mrs. Winkit. She hung over her with earneſt ſolicitude, and chafed her temples, while Mrs. Jacques applied the volatiles to her noſe, exclaiming, "ah! poor woman 'tis no wonder, ſhe has had provocation enough, no doubt, ſhe did not come here for nothing." Mrs. Winkit began to recover, ſhe opened her eyes and beheld Adela, then ſhut them again, and remained in this ſituation ſome minutes, when ſtarting from her ſeat, ſhe fixed her talons in the lovely cheek of our heroine, who ſcreamed out, and inſtantly fainted. Mr. Winkit caught her in his arms. The furious wretch endeavoured to tear her from him, ſpit and treated her with every ſort of indignity. Every unemployed perſon in the room in vain endeavouring to calm the virago; but the glory of this deed was

reſerved for Nannette. She quitted her fainting miſtreſs, and flew to the aſſaillant, whom ſhe commanded to be gone, and when refuſed, enforced her mandate by ſtrength of arm, and was triumphantly dragging her out of the room, when Sir William Urſell entered.

"What was the matter?" he enquired, Mrs. Winkit told her tale, and Nannette contradicted every ſyllable. Sir William looked aſtoniſhed, and flew to our ſtill lifeleſs heroine, ſtill repeating his enquiries. The Jacques' ſhook their heads ſignificantly, and Mr. Winkit ſaid, "as ſoon as the lady recovers, Sir, you ſhall know all." But ſhe was long inſenſible. Nannette compleated her heroic deed, and locking the offender out, returned to lament over her much injured miſtreſs; who as ſoon as ſhe recovered, was conveyed to her apartment, and Mr. Winkit returned to ſatisfy the curioſity of Sir William Urſell. He recited every circumſtance of his meeting with Adela, and the reaſons that induced him to

be

be her friend. Sir William ſhook his head, and Mrs. Winkit again intruded. She repeated her wrongs, and Sir William ſeemed inclined to believe her. It was a diſagreeable affair, he knew the lady in queſtion well, was an intimate friend of her family. Should in future be her protector himſelf, and as a preventative againſt any miſchief of this kind, begged leave to preclude any future viſits from Mr. Winkit. Believed he might mean very well, but the lady was greatly injured both in health and reputation he feared, therefore hoped Mr. Winkit would think this a reaſonable deciſion, and be reconciled to his wife.

" Oh! by all means, God forbid, he ſhould injure the ſweet young lady," was Mr. Winkit's reply, " He was glad ſhe had found a better friend, his ſervices proceeded from pure good will, and as for Peggy he heartily forgave all that was paſt: never bore malice in his life," and ratified his aſſertion by a cordial embrace.

 The

The reconciled pair now departed arm in arm, and Sir William aſſured Mr. Jacques, he would perſuade his young friend to remain with them. He did not think ſhe could be more happily ſituated; and imagined her deſign of leaving them was entirely owing to the perſon who had juſt left them; not that he believed any thing of the woman's aſſertions. She was certainly blameable in placing any confidence in ſuch a low being; but ſtill he believed her a very good girl, but very poor, exceedingly diſtreſſed. He muſt ſupport her, he doubted, till ſomething better could be done. He was always meeting with ſome ſuch occurrence, and he deemed it fortunate to be enabled to aſſiſt his unhappy fellow beings.

Jacques ſhowered encomiums on Sir William, and his wife went to enquire for Adela. In a few moments ſhe returned, ſaying, the lady was very ill, and ſhe thought it neceſſary to get ſome aſſiſtance for her. A petty phyſician in the neighbourhood was called in, and pronounced it,

a ner-

a nervous fever. Her whole nervous ſyſtem was indeed much affected. She was long confined, her expences were great. All the mementos of friendſhip ſhe had ſo carefully preſerved, went to procure the neceſſaries of life. Sir William came, witneſſed, and was *vaſtly* affected with her diſtreſs without relieving it. The people of the houſe ſuppoſed it was from his purſe ſhe lived.

Various were their conjectures reſpecting his motive; but they knew him not, and while they daily laviſhed bleſſings on his liberality: and fed his oſtentation with their plaudits, little did they ſuſpect that the woes of his fellow-mortals, never coſt him a ſingle *ſous*. He was in words the moſt generous of mankind; but his purſe-ſtrings were tied in a ten-fold guardian knot, which all the efforts of pleading miſery were inſufficient to open. Nor was this all. Long had he beheld Adela with the eyes of admiration. He really thought her the moſt lovely of women. She reſembled the

choice of his youth. Lady Urfell was ever to him an object of indifference. Intereft united them, and, although diffimulation concealed their real feelings, mutual difguft fucceeded. He therefore judged it politic to let Adela be plunged into the tempeftuous fea of diftrefs, and when fhe was finking he would extend his niggard hand to fave her. But the Almighty fruftrated his defigns by an event ftill more calamitous than any fhe had yet experienced. The fever raged with fury, every nerve was agitated. She was mentally accufing Mr. Winkit of unkindnefs for never having enquired for her fince the affray. Nannette had finifhed their laft fupply of work, while fhe watched her miftrefs's couch, and carrying it home, without any reafon affigned, was refufed more. She infifted on knowing the reafon, and was rudely pufhed from the door with many opprobrious epithets. In her rage fhe returned, and thoughtlefsly repeated the indignity to Adela, who with herfelf was equally at a lofs to account for it.

" It was as inexplicable as Mr. Winkit's abſence, and perhaps proceeded from the ſame cauſe,—his virulent wife, ſhe knew no other.

She was unacquainted with Sir William's prohibition, as the Jacques' were enjoined ſilence on that head. In the hour of afflictive viſitation, the mind is ever apt to hoard up evil, and brood unwearied over every ill. Such was the caſe with Adela. The Doctor paid his evening viſit, declared her ſomething better, received his fee, the laſt poor pittance ſhe poſſeſſed from the ſale of her trinkets, and Nannette adminiſtered the preſcription. She had not ſlept for many nights, and our heroine now inſiſted ſhe would come to bed, aſſuring her there was not now the leaſt occaſion for watching. After much altercation Nannette ſubmitted with reluctance, and overpowered with fatigue, ſhe ſoon entered the dominions of Somnus. While her leſs happy miſtreſs lay revolving her various calamities, and liſtening to the melancholy clickings of an old

that ſtood in the corner of the room. Often had ſhe welcomed the returning watchman, and wiſhed for the ſound of morning, when it came with an addition truly alarming. Paſt one o'clock was pronounced, and fire, fire! echoed through the ſtreet. She ſprang out of bed, and the flames almoſt burſt in her face.

"Nannette, Nannette!" ſhe repeatedly cried in interrupted accents, but Nannette heard her not. She attempted to wake her, and fell ſenſeleſs on the floor. Nannette ſtarted from her ſlumbers. The horrid ſounds from every quarter almoſt reduced her to the ſame ſtate. The flames crackled around them: and unable to ſtir ſhe ſat ſhivering on the ſide of the bed, when the door was burſt open, and the ſmoke iſſued, and almoſt ſuffocated her, ſhe had only power to ſhriek, when a friendly hand ſeized and forced her out of the room. My lady, my dear lady is loſt! was all ſhe could utter, and was again returning to the ſinking room, when ſhe met the

the noble minded Winkit with the apparent corpſe of her miſtreſs in his arms. "Fly, fly!" ſaid he to Nannette. She followed him, and they entered at the firſt open door. The people of the houſe were humane. The maſter was luckily a pettyfogging practitioner in Surgery and Phyſic, *alias* a Bleeder and Tooth-drawer, with a few ſhillings worth of drugs, and a vaſt number of galipots to ornament his ſhelves. This ſon of Eſculapius was now invoked, he opened a vein, and our heroine again breathed to the infinite joy of her two attendants: whoſe faculties were ſo abſorbed in their anxiety for her, that they heard not the claſh of their late habitation when it ſunk in ruins. But dreadful was the view which the returning light afforded. The havock of the flames could only be equalled by the rueful aſpects of the ſufferers. Among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Jacques, weeping, and with up-lifted hands exclaiming they were undone. From ſome of the humane ſpectators our heroine and Nannette obtained

obtained the charitable loan of ſome apparel. A ſmall miniature picture that hung at Adela's boſom, was now her ſole earthly poſſeſſion. It was the laſt gift of her mother, and ſhe ſolemnly promiſed never to part with it. She looked at it ſtedfaſtly, the image of the donor aroſe with it, and ſhe dropt a tear to her memory. "May thy ſpirit," ſaid ſhe, caſting her fine eyes upward, "may thy ſpirit, dear departed excellence accompany thy deſtitute child." "Every good ſpirit will attend you," ſaid Mr. Winkit with energy, "I am ſure of that; but I have never had an opportunity to beg pardon for the fright my wife gave you. But to be ſure, I ſhould have paid my reſpects to you, Miſs, long ago, only I did not chuſe to run any riſque of diſobliging the gentleman your friend, who deſired I would never trouble you again" "And who dared to take that liberty?" enquired Adela. The truth was now divulged. Adela's mild ſpirit revolted at the unwarrantable authority of Sir William, by whoſe

charity ſhe found both the Jacques's, and Mr. Winkit believed ſhe had been lately ſupported. But ſhe undeceived them all, and the former being invited to a neighbouring houſe, Mr. Winkit explained the cauſe of his wife's late indecent behaviour. The Miſs Chittys were the malignant repreſenters of their acquaintance, and execrating their malevolence, he aſked Adela, " if ſhe really would forgive him all the evil it had cauſed her?" " Forgive you," ſaid ſhe, looking in his face in a manner not to be deſcribed. " Oh! Mr. Winkit, what do I not owe you?"

CHAPTER XLII.

THEIR hoſt was a true child of benevolence. His heart bled for the diſtreſſes around him: and he did his utmoſt to alleviate them.

When the firſt alarm was in ſome degree ſubſided, Adela's fever returned with accumulated violence. Breakfaſt was brought, but all the entreaties of thoſe around her could not prevail on her to touch it.

" She could not, ſhe was ſick at heart," was her reply. Nannette ſeemed a fountain of tears, ſhe ſupported her miſtreſs, and weeping, declared, " ſhe could not eat neither."

Mr. Winkit avowed the neceſſity of leaving them for a ſhort time; he would not ſtay long: and hoped to procure a home for them. His abſence was indeed ſhort, he returned with a very agreeable woman, who addreſſed Adela with much tenderneſs,

and told her ſhe had a houſe open for her reception. She knew Mr. Winkit to be a reſpectable man, and his word was ſufficient. Adela bowed her head. "I have brought a coach for you, Ma'em," added Mrs Laymond, "and I think there is no time for delay." Adela acquieſced, and Mr. Winkit aſſiſted by the humane wielder of the lancet, lifted her into the carriage.

Mr. Winkit conducted her to her new habitation, and after ſome conſoling arguments bad her adieu.

The gentle manner of Mrs. Laymond was infinitely ſoothing to our heroine, and Nannette ſhowered bleſſings on her goodneſs. This faithful creature was not much leſs indiſpoſed than our heroine; Mrs. Laymond prevailed on them to take ſome refreſhment, and go to bed. Sleep paid them both a viſit. Nannette was perfectly recovered, but Adela continued ſtill ill. Mrs. Laymond ſent for a gentleman of the Faculty that attended her own family, and he declared Adela to be in a very dangerous

condition.

condition. Her ſpirits naturally delicate in the extreme, were he ſaid, too deeply injured ever to expect a perfect recovery. Nannette was almoſt frantic at hearing this. " What! what will become of us," ſaid ſhe, " we have neither money nor friends." Mrs. Laymond told her, " Deſpair would only add to their diſtreſs. Adela, ſhe hoped, would yet recover; ſhe might be aſſured, they ſhou'd'nt want nothing while under her roof: and as for herſelf, being a Pariſian, ſhe would engage to provide." Nannette ſhook her head, ſaying, " ſhe would never leave ſo good a lady," And Mr. Winkit arrived full fraught with intelligence. " Another large demand from Mr. Jacques," he ſaid, " they wanted to know where Adela was; but he knew a trick worth two of that, however he ſhould ſettle the matter, and have done with them, but enjoined Nannette ſecrecy. Don't hint a word to your miſtreſs, ſaid he, Sir, what's his name? there he, that was ſo ſharp upon me about Miſs, he has been making ſtrict

enquiry,

enquiry, but I ſeem quite ignorant of the matter, I know ſhe don't wiſh to be troubled with him, poor dear lady, ſhe has plagues enough already; and as the doctor ſays, all we have to do now is to keep her as compoſed as poſſible. Mrs. Laymond approved of his conduct, adding the lady's reputation might be injured by admitting the viſits of ſuch a man; it was a thing ſhe could not permit in her houſe: for the world was ſo prone to ſcandal, people could not be too much on their guard. She looked ſignificantly at Mr. Winkit, who pauſed, then in a quick manner, " Why true, Madam, true one can't be too cautious. Poor Miſs has been like to have her eyes ſcratched out already by my wife." " Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Laymond. " Ay, indeed, 'tis very true, though I'm ſure, ſhe's as good, and as innocent, as the child unborn;" " but as the world will be meddling, ſhall come very ſeldom, Ma'em, only call at the door now and then to know how ſhe is, replied Mr. Winkit,

" but

" but beg ſhe may not want any thing that is comfortable; I'll pledge myſelf for the pay 'till ſhe recovers, and we can look about us and ſee what is to be done."

The countenance of Mrs. Laymond (o'er which a cloud hung at the former part of Mr. Winkit's converſation) now brightened, and ſhe aſſured him, ſhe would do all in her power for the lady, and applauded Nannette to the ſkies, juſtly calling her the moſt affectionate of beings.

Nannette was ſummoned to our heroine before Mr. Winkit's departure. " I want to diſpoſe of this," ſaid ſhe, " holding in her hand the miniature, o'er which ſhe had ſo lately uttered an emphatical prayer, " Will you ſell it for me, Nannette? it will procure us a few neceſſaries: for you muſt not wear theſe worthy people's cloaths." " I thought, Madame, you would never part with it," ſaid Nannette, taking the picture from her. " I thought ſo too," replied Adela with a deep ſigh, but neceſſity tears it from me. Go good Nannette,

there

there is no alternative." Nannette obeyed, and with reluctant ſteps returned to Mrs. Laymond. The picture was diſplayed, examined, and admired. Mrs. Laymond kindly undertook to diſpoſe of it advantageouſly, and Nannette left it in her poſſeſſion, deſiring it might be done as ſoon as poſſible. A lucky opportunity ſoon preſented. A gentleman who came there with one of her cuſtomer's, (for Mrs. Laymond was a mantua-maker) took fancy to it, and immediately paid her full demand, ten guineas. With this ſum ſhe flew to her gueſt: who gratefully thanked her; though ſhe could not ſuppreſs a ſtarting tear, on ſeeing the price of her valued portrait. Clothes were procured for Nannette and her miſtreſs, equally humble, and what they had borrowed was returned. Peace, and the attention of Nannette, and Mrs. Laymond, contributed more than medicine towards Adela's recovery. Mr. Winkit was ſtill the ſame ſteady friend, and often peeped in, (as he termed it when ſhe was able to come

down

down ſtairs. They all united their endeavours to amuſe her mind, and ward of dejection; but in vain. That unwelcome gueſt never failed to intrude with the painful idea of her diſtreſsful ſtate. She was in arrears to the Doctor, to Mrs. Laymond, (and ſhe thought) to Mr. Jacques; without the ſmalleſt probability of paying them.

What was to be done? Whither ſhould ſhe ſhould turn for relief? was her daily, but unſucceſsful ſtudy. The firſt viſit ſhe paid, after her recovery was to the humane Gaylard.—He was a young and ſpirited Caledonian, who had ſerved a regular apprenticeſhip to a ſurgeon and apothecary; but being diſappointed in various plans of ſettlement, having few friends, able to aſſiſt him, he was reduced to great diſtreſs; and was obliged for a ſubſiſtance, to engage with the late poſſeſſor of the ſhop, that is now his own. Ill could his haughty ſpirit hear the humiliation. His poverty; but not his will, conſented", and after was he heard to mourn his lot; but after ſome

months

months painful ſervitude, his employer died, and left no family. His ſkill and induſtry procured him many friends, and he was unanimouſly voted in, for the ſucceſſor.—Severe were the mortifications he daily encountered. But gain ſweeteneth every ill, and he literally *pocketed the affront*.

" But he is a very fine young fellow, and very much of a gentleman," was the panegyric, with which Mr. Winkitt concluded the above annecdote—Adela ſmiled. Mrs. Laymond nodded graciouſly, and they entered the ſhop.

But Mr. Gaylard having ſtepped out on buſineſs, they were deſired to walk into a ſmall parlour. A brewers ſervant entered the ſhop, enquired for the maſter, and was deſired to wait a few moments. Mr. Gayland ſoon appeared.—Dont diſturb him about us, till he has finiſhed his buſineſs," ſaid Mr. Winkit.

Come friend, " ſaid the operator" I know your buſineſs, by your face, you ſeem to want a touch of my hand. " Ay that I do" returned

returned the drayman ſeating himſelf.—
" Pull off your coat friend"—" My coat, what for ?"—" Why how can I bleed you?" Bleed me! exclaimed the fellow.—I want to be ſhaved. The crimſon mantled into Gaylard's face. "Shaved! come here to be ſhaved! You ſcoundrel I'll kick you as long as I can find you,—Fly be gone! How dare you inſult a gentleman."

The poor fellow ſeemed rooted to the ſpot. Stared at him, with open mouth, then repeated the word *gentleman*, very emphatically: adding, " Why what's the matter? is'nt this a ſhaving ſhop." The enraged Gaylard, able to bear no longer, was going to execute his threats; when Mr. Winkit ſeized him by the arm, and the drayman took to his heels.

" Moderate your anger, ſee what viſitors I have brought;" ſaid the peace making Winkit, preſenting our heroine to him. Mr. Gaylard, appologized for the incident, and expreſſed his joy at again ſeeing Adela; and congratulated her in terms really polite,

on her reſtoration to health. She in return, expreſſed her grateful thanks for his late protection, and they parted mutually pleaſed.

Adela repeated to Nannette, the adventure, and interview.—Nannette bluſhed, and pronounced him, "un honnéte homme."—"But not ſo handſome as the Flemin,"—ſaid Adela. Nannette bluſhed ſtill deeper, and inſtead of anſwering, informed her, that "Mrs. Laymond's only daughter, une belle femme, was expected from the country (where ſhe had been viſiting ſome relations) that evening."

Scarce had Nannette finiſhed her intelligence, when a thundering rap was heard at the door, and Miſs Laymond with her Mamma, trip'd up ſtairs; ſhe was preſented to our heroine, and ſeemed infinitely pleaſed with her. Miſs Laymond's perſon was agreeable, ſhe had an abundant ſhare of ſpirits, and as large a portion of good-nature; but alas! from the baleful flattery of many with whom ſhe aſſociated, ſhe forgot the command of herſelf, gave the reigns to

 petulence,

petulence, and too often fury of temper, and played the tyrant to the annoyance of ever member of the family; particularly her mother and our heroine. The former of whom remonſtrated in vain, and the latter, was much diſguſted by her frequent alarms.

It was vulgar; it was ſhocking; it was no longer the peaceful family, ſhe had firſt found it.—Anger is dreadful in all its various forms; but here ſuperlatively ſo, when it obtains dominion over a female breaſt; how does every ſoft and and amiable attraction fly before it. It transforms an angel into a fury, and every ſenſible beholder, turns from the horrid ſight: guard yourſelves againſt this evil, you who feel in your natures a propenſity to it; for ſurely there is not a being more truly pitiable than *a furious woman.*

The kindneſs of Mrs. Laymond knew no dimunition, health began to diſplay her banner on our heroine's cheek; but her ſpirits remained weak, in the extremeſt degree. Every trifle agitated her, and the ſhrill voice of

of Miſs Laymond pierced her very ſoul; ſhe trembled at her improper and maſculine expreſſions, and ſometimes looked diſapprobation; ſhe wiſhed her to reform; to controul this moſt unamiable propenſity; but Miſs Laymond miſtaking her motive, returned her well meant ſilent reproofs with an inſolence ſhe could ill brook. In the moments of calm reflections, ſhe profeſſed the warmeſt eſteem for our heroine, and owned her faults with ſeeming contrition; but what availed it? Again ſhe returned to them, embroiled the houſe, and kept the gentle nature of Adela in a conſtant ferment. Mrs. Laymond ſince her recovery, had given Adela employment enough to defray the expences of board, but being a novice in the buſineſs, ſhe could not expect to be paid as a regular aſſiſtant; but thought even this a great acquiſition, in her preſent very uncertain ſtate of health.

After a great deal of perſuaſion, remonſtrance and intreaty, Nannette conſented to engage herſelf as lady's maid to a woman of

rank daily expected in England. Lady Wimple was the perfon commiffioned to engage an attendant for this lady, and a French woman fhe was fure would have the preference. Lady Wimple was one of Mrs. Laymond's beft cuftomers, Nannette was therefore equipped and fent to wait on her. Her Ladyfhip was infinitely delighted. The creature had a tafte, and elegance about her perfectly characteriftic, Englifh fervants were horrid bores. Nannette was inftantly hired. Mrs. Laymond loaded her with encomiums, and Lady Wimple defired fhe would be at her houfe until her friend arrived.

The name of Lady Wimple was familiar to our heroine's ear.—Often had fhe heard that Lady mentioned at Mrs. Lennard's; but never faw her.—Often had fhe feen her carriage ftop at Mrs. Laymond's door: and as often had fhe been told, that Lady Wimple had the moft elegant tafte, of any woman in the three kingdoms.

The name of the lady for whom Nannette

was

was engaged, was kept a profound ſecret.— She was a friend lately married, was all her Ladyſhip choſe to reveal.

The day of ſeparation came. With infinite reluctance Nannette tore herſelf away, and a torrent of tears expreſſed her emotions. " Be happy my dear lady, I will ſee you often," was all ſhe could ſay. Senſibly as did our heroine feel her loſs, (for the idea of ſervant, had long been loſt in that of faithful friend,) ſhe yet ſincerely rejoiced at this event; nor doubted but Nannette's grateful and affectionate nature, would procure her friends wherever ſhe dwelt.

The very ſcanty wardrobe of Nannette, and her own ſtill meaner habiliments drained her of all the produce of her much regretted picture. Still was ſhe indebted to the doctor, to Mrs. Laymond, and to Mr. Winkit. Gladly would the latter have paid every demand; but ſhe knew of his generoſity, reſpecting the Jacques's, and would hear of no more. They would have patience with her ſhe hoped, and ſhe ſhould be enabled to diſ-

charge the whole. Bufinefs encreafed with Mrs. Laymond as the town filled, and Adela making a rapid progrefs in the art of mantuamaking, Mrs. Laymond offered to retain her in that line, and give her a falary. She thanked this worthy woman; but owned it, to her, an irkfome life. Mifs Laymond's temper, was a fource of perpetual anxiety, and the converfation of the low-bred women, that crowded Mrs. Laymond's work-room, often fhocked her. She therefore declined the kind offer of Mrs. Laymond, and expreffed her preference for a fituation fimilar to what Nannette had juft embraced.— "You know not what fervitude is," faid Mrs. Laymond.—A difpofition like yours is ill qualified to bear the caprice of a whimfical lady of fafhion; "why it would kill you in a month."

"I have had fome little experience Madame," replied Adela:—long have I been the flave of caprice; but I prefer a fervice for this reafon, I fhall be more fecluded from the world: for it is not here I would ac-

cept of any ſituation. It muſt be in ſome ſequeſtered ſpot; where I may conquer this repining ſpirit, and weep unſeen.

Mrs. Laymond participated in her emotions, and aſſured her ſhe would be indefatigable in her enquiries. Nannette entered abruptly, and threw herſelf into a chair to regain her breath. Adela enquired the cauſe of her agitation? "I will not go, I will not go;" was all ſhe could get from her. "Where will you not go Nannette?" "I cannot, I muſt not leave you madame," was her reply. After many pauſes, and as many unintelligible exclamations, this proved to be the real ſource of Nannette's grief. Her maſter and miſtreſs were juſt arrived, and proved to be the identical Mr. Harcourt who accompanied them from France, and had now run off with an heireſs of rank: and finding themſelves purſued, they were neceſſitated to ſet off for the Continent.

"But I won't go with them," ſaid Nannette. "Let me intreat you, (replied Adela)

 not

not to be your own enemy; it is the happieſt opportunity that ever could offer for you. You know Lady Iſmena Maſſingham was fond of you, and would willingly have retained you in her ſervice. To her I have alway (ſince my diſtreſſes) wiſhed you to return; do not then reject the proffered means, do not add to my anxiety: for I know my ever valued Nannette, the world affords few ſuch miſtreſſes as Lady Iſmena Maſſingham. She will reward your fidelity to me."

" I want no reward, (replied Nannette ſobbing) but I will go, I muſt go if you deſire it." She aroſe and darted out of the houſe, without ſpeaking another ſyllable.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE RESCUE.

DEEPLY affected by this recent reproof of Nannette's firm attachment, but ſtill more deeply intereſted in her welfare, Adela diſpatched a note after her, repeating her injunctions, to accept the offer of Mrs. Harcourt; but ſcarcely was it gone, when a pacquet was brought Mrs. Laymond. It contained a letter for Adela, and another for herſelf from Nannette, in which was incloſed, a bit of paper curiouſly folded, with theſe words written on it. *A pledge of fidelity.* The letters were in French. That to Mrs.

 Laymond

Laymond contained a grateful acknowledgement for her kindneſs to Adela and herſerlf, with an ardent intreaty ſtill to continue her attention to that lady; and a requeſt that ſhe would open the bit of paper, and take from thence a guinea and ſome ſilver, which ſhe had got, by preſents from Lady Wimple, &c. and which ſhe begged our heroine may not be made acquainted with; but deſired it may be appropriated to pay the Doctor. Mrs. Laymond readily complied. The pledge, was a glaſs locket, with Nannette's name, worked on white ſattin, with her own hair.

It was delivered to Adela, with the letter, which contained a moſt pathetic adieu, aſſuring her that nothing but her too rigid mandate, ſhould ever force her, from one ſhe loved next to heaven; calling her all that is good and amiable—The ſaver of her ſoul, her reſcuer from perdition, in developing the dark deſigns of Lambert, forgiving her offences, and taking her even into her boſom. She dared not throw herſelf at

her feet, ſhe dared not truſt herſelf with a perſonal adieu; already her reſolution began to waver: and ſhe concluded with imploring the bleſſed ſaints to guard Adela.

The paper was blotted with her tears. Our heroine was ſurprized, and although ſhe at firſt felt the keeneſt regret, at being deprived of one ſo valuable, in all probability for ever, yet a moment's reflection reconciled her to the loſs; and ſhe ſilently, applauded her own conduct, which alone had concealed it. "I will keep this tribute of fidelity (ſaid ſhe) while I exiſt; neceſſity will not be tempted to tear it from me: it is too poor a prize." She tied the locket round her neck with a ribbon, and returned to her work.

Mrs. Laymond was ſummoned to a lady, and re-entered to Adela with an inflamed countenance. "Why have you thus deceived me?" ſaid ſhe, looking ſternly at Adela, who not underſtanding her, gazed ſteadfaſtly in her face.

Mrs. Laymond in a very impaſſioned tone repeated her enquiry. "Why have you

thus deceived me? I ſay, why entered my houſe, under the maſk of innocence?" "The maſk of innocence my good madam," repeated our amazed heroine.—" What mean you?"—" I mean, replied Mrs. Laymond, I will have no people of your caſt in my houſe. A pretty perſon to recommend indeed; but its well I have found you out, or God knows where it might have ended. But however I beg you to provide for yourſelf as ſoon as poſſible, you muſt not expect me to get you a ſituation; I cannot think of troubling myſelf about ſuch a perſon. I find you refuſed a very great match, and ran away from your friends, with a young libertine lord: who, (as you might very well expect,) left you ſomewhere abroad in great diſtreſs; and ſo you deceived that poor French woman, I ſuppoſe as well as me, for I really believe ſhe is a good girl, and really thought you married I dare ſay. Well I am glad ſhe is gone, for you are all an impoſition.—I know even your real name—it is not Amſbury.

Lord

Lord help me I tremble every inch of me, to think how my charity has been abufed.—It was only illnefs that made you affume the troublefome difguife of virtue. I fhall fend for Mr. Winkit and to take him feverely to tafk, for impofing upon me; for I always thought his zeal in your caufe rather unaccountable."

Thus Mrs. Laymond ran on, and might have done fo for ever, without the leaft interruption from our heroine, who deprived of the power to defend herfelf, or anfwer fuch injurious accufations, clafped her hands in filent anguifh, and mentally fupplicated the interpofition of him, who is ever the friend of innocence.

Well I am glad, (rejoined Mrs. Laymond) to fee you are not fo far loft as to deny this charge; for then I fhould really have no hopes of you. But if you will really own the truth; tho' I cannot keep fuch a faulty perfon in my houfe. I will yet perform my promife, I will endeavour to get you a fervice upon fecond thoughts, becaufe it

may

may keep you from ruin; but I am afraid you are too far gone, I am afraid you will disgrace my recommendation. Indeed I dont know what to do. If I thought you would be a real penitent, I would endeavour to keep you from ſtarving; tho' its a great riſque.

" Penitent," ſaid Adela.—" Oh! ye bright choirs above, where is the child of mortality but needs repentance." She looked the very ſoul of mild and patient ſuffering—Not an angry frown, ruffled her placid countenance. She felt infinitely! deep was the wound given; but ſhe was too juſt to be offended with the well meaning, but much deceived Mrs. Laymond. " I blame you not;" ſaid ſhe recovering herſelf, " but indeed my good Mrs. Laymond you have been miſinformed. The tale you have heard is all a cruel ſlander. Never, never have I deſerved ſo black a charge. I have been unhappy madam. Moſt eminently marked by ſad misfortune. Purſued by dark malignant perſecutors But ſtill my ſoul maintains its dignity; from ſuch a falſehood it

wants no vindication. It ſoars above it. And but for you madam, whom from regard I wiſh to undeceive, I would not ſtoop to notice ſuch foul ſcandal. I aſk not its author's name madam, poſſeſſed of conſcious innocence, they cannot injure me. I am the care of a ſuperior power, and only pity them. But you madam, I wiſh ſtill to eſteem; fain would I believe you to be above the reach of every poor detractor.

"Poor, (repeated Mrs. Laymond emphatically,) no, they are not poor, who gave me this information. I ſhould not have credited low bred people, but they are perſons of conſequence Ma'em who know you well, and more than I have told you, about a miniature picture, which you ſtole from a lady, who took you, and ſupported you like her own child: perhaps the very picture I ſold for you. God knows, I tremble at the very thoughts of it; but I am told the lady in pity to your youth, was prevailed on to pardon you; otherwiſe I ſhould certainly be taken up for the vender of ſtolen goods; for not-

withſtanding

withſtanding your fine ſpeeches, I cannot avoid believing it, coming from ſuch good authority as lady Wimple, for ſhe is my informer, and I am not aſhamed to own her, tho' you're too proud to aſk it. She wou'd not ſay any thing while the French woman was here, becauſe ſhe ſays you have already perſuaded the poor creature to perjure herſelf, and certainly had an amazing aſcendancy over her, and her ladyſhip was glad to get the poor girl out of your clutches. Oh! her Ladyſhip is a charming woman, one of my beſt cuſtomers, and was very unwilling to mention the affair now, but only I led to it, by aſking if ſhe knew any family that wanted an Engliſh governeſs, for I thought you were vaſtly well calculated for that ſtation. At which her ladyſhip ſmiled and ſaid" yes; " I then beg'd her ladyſhip's intereſt for you; but ſhe ſmiled again, and ſaid ſhe muſt decline it. I wiſhed to know the reaſon, ſhe was very reluctant. It was a delicate matter" ſhe ſaid, " ſhe deſpiſed tattling; but ſhe regarded me, was ſorry I

ſhou'd

ſhou'd be impoſed on, was ſo good as to pay me many compliments, and ſo the whole truth came out: and not all your ſayings ſhall make me doubt her ladyſhips veracity. She is ſo affable and ſo condeſcending," ſays ſhe " Mrs. Laymond. Nothing but my eſteem for, and vaſt opinion of you, wou'd have induced me to ſpeak of ſuch a creature; but I would not have you go to extremities, get her a ſervice if you can, perhaps ſhe may reform, I would fain try her; tho ſhe does not merit it; but as for governeſs, ſhe really is not capable of ſuch a thing: for tho' ſhe certainly has had great opportunities, from the levity of her mind, ſhe is vaſtly ignorant." " And ſo" continued Mrs. Laymond, " I promiſed to follow her ladyſhip's good example, and be merciful; and if you had owned the runaway ſtory, and ſeemed repentant, I ſhou'd not have mentioned the reſt, but have done what I cou'd for you: however as you are ſo obſtinate, and have dared in a manner to give the lye to her

her ladyſhip, and deſpiſe her, I retract my deſigns; and leave you to follow your inclinations."

"Indeed," replied our heroine, "I do deſpiſe her, and every other baſe calumniator. A retailer of ſlander is mean, whatever rank they hold in life. And as for you madam, you ſhall be obeyed; no longer will I prove troubleſome."

She laid down her work, and aroſe. "You may dinner, if you chuſe," ſaid Mrs. Laymond. "No madam." returned Adela, "I have too long treſpaſs'd on your charity." "But I have ſent for Mr. Winkit," added Mrs. Laymond; "and inſiſt on your ſtaying at leaſt, until he comes." "Yes," returned our heroine, "in that I moſt readily acquieſce; he will perhaps indemnify you for my expences, and I prefer an obligation to him." "I believe you," ſaid Mrs. Laymond ſneeringly. Her work-women tittered, and all our heroine's aſſumed ſpirits fled. Her natural timidity returned, and ſhe ſunk into a chair that ſtood near, pale and trembling.

ing. The relief of tears was denied her.—Often do we find in the moment of exquifite diftrefs, an inability to exprefs our griefs, or eafe our hearts by weeping. The fountain of our tears is blocked up, the bitter torrent falls internally, and often perforates the very cords of life.

After deeply revolving the prefent event, and recollecting every circumftance fhe had heard of Lady Wimple: fhe was as much as ever at a lofs to account for her conduct. Her ladyfhip had never feen, therefore could have no perfonal diflike to her. Surely fhe muft be impofed upon by fome malignant tattler. She tied up the very few garments fhe poffeffed in a bundle, put on her hat and cloak, and returned to the work-room to await the arrival of Mr. Winkit. The blood rufhed through her veins, with that kind of rapidity, which is often occafioned by an extreme alarm.—Agitation marked every feature and tinged her complexion with various hues. A loud rap at the door, and fhe ftarted from her feat; but

but ſhrunk back on beholding, inſtead of the friendly Winkit, his virago Wife! who ruſhed forward diſtorted with poiſon, and demanded, "What ſhe wanted again with her huſband? could ſhe not be ſatisfied with ruining him and his whole family but muſt ſhe be ſending after him again?"

"I ruin him and his family!" exclaim'd our heroine. "What do you intend to do with me? father of mercies! this is more than I am able to bear." She rung her hands in agony.

"Yes, and it is more than I am able to bear, to ſee ſuch a huſſy as you, brazening out your wickedneſs in this manner, when I know it is thro' your means, that my poor huſband is gone to priſon. Ah! you jade," ſaid ſhe, going up cloſer to our affrighted heroine, "but 'ill be revenged. Here's ſomebody coming ſhall take care of your dainty ladyſhip, till you can pay for this," holding out two papers, one an account of what Mr. Winkit had paid Mr. Jacques, and another to Mrs. Laymond: who to her

infinite

infinite ſurprize ſhe now found had no demand againſt her. "Ay, ay, I'll have you ſecured, for all ſuch a delicate ſtuck up madam as you are. Oh! if I had my will, I'de mark you with a pen of iron—that I wou'd—I'd teach you to take away men from their wives—that I wou'd."

As ſhe uttered the laſt ſentence, ſhe caught hold of Adela's head, and ſhook it with ſuch violence, that her hat, cap, &c. fell to the floor; and Miſs Laymond, who was now her beſt friend, and whoſe humanity was rouſed at ſeeing her ſo mal-treated, flew to her aſſiſtance, with ſtreaming eyes bad her be comforted, ſupported her in her arms, declared ſhe did not believe the things alledged againſt her, and in a ſevere tone, commanded Mrs. Winkit to leave the room. But this being refuſed with acrimony, produced a moſt virulent altercation between the aſſailant and vindicator of our heroine. Mrs. Laymond in vain, endeavouring to effect a peace.

Nothing was heard but loud and vehement ephithets of abuſe, till Miſs Laymond darting furiouſly at her opponent, caught her by the ſhoulders, and having much the advantage in ſize and ſtrength, forced her out of the houſe, ſpite of murder! murder! with which ſhe made the ſtreet reſound; and returned to Adela, ſeverely rating her mother, for going ſuch lengths. "You're always ready to believe every nonſenſe; but if you turn her out of the houſe, I'll go too, depend on that: for I dont believe a word of Lady Wimple's ſtories.—Ladies may be liars as well as other people."

Mrs. Laymond frowned. Adela was unable to ſpeak. Her ideas were all confuſion. She looked mournfully wild, and inſenſible of what was going forward, leaned her head on Miſs Laymond's ſhoulder. A carriage ſtopped at the door. A rap of more than common authority called Mrs. Laymond from them.

Miſs Laymond intreated our heroine to lie down, who ſilently conſented, and in a

few minutes, Nannette bathed in tears entered the chamber on tip-toe, preceded by Mrs. Laymond apparently much agitated. Miſs Laymond was ſeated on the bed ſide but ſprang from her ſeat, on ſeeing Nannette, and uttered a loud exclamation! Adela ſtared, and ſpringing from the bed threw her arms around that faithful creature, and in a tone and manner not to be expreſſed, enquired—" How long ſhe had been dead?" adding " ſhe had been waiting for her a long time that they may go to heaven together."

" My dear, dear lady," ſaid Nannette, kiſſing her forehead; " it is your own Nannette, that loves you better than all the world, and is come to make you happy. Dont you know me? come ſit down and be compoſed, your enemies are all gone, they will never trouble you again; I have brought you joyful news!" Adela ſmiled in her face, with a mournful vacancy, that alarmed all preſent; then ſhook her head, and ſighed deeply.

deeply. They laid her again on the bed, and Nannette with a heavy heart returned to the parlour; where ſhe had left Mr. Melville.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CHARMING COUPLE.

" SHE is quite beſide herſelf!" ſaid Nannette ſobbing, " my good ſir, my lady is quite beſide herſelf! knows nobody, and talks about going to heaven; oh! ſhe will die! ſhe will die! But not now I hope, your fears exaggerates, perhaps trifling indiſpoſition," replied Mr. Melville with emotion, ſhe is alarmed I know, but not fatally I truſt. May I not ſee her?" Nannette deſcribed the ſituation of our heroine, and Mr. Melville owned the impropriety of now obtruding on her.

The terrified Mrs. Laymond had drenched Adela with cordials, and entered with the welcome information, of her being fallen into a ſlumber. Where we ſhall leave her, and in pity to the reader, whom at this moment we figure to be on the rack of ſuſpenſe, haſten to explain the cauſe of Nannette's return, and Mr. Melville's no leſs ſurprizing appearance.

The miſtreſs of Nannette, the lovely heireſs with whom the all accompliſhed Harcourt eloped, was no other than, Miſs Urſell. At a ball they met, and became mutually enamoured. No longer were the fine perſon and elegant manners, of the all amiable Auguſtus Melville regarded by his intended lady. Harcourt was as handſome, more tractable, flattered admirably, trifled elegantly, and was in ſhort, infinitely more to the fair one's taſte. She had known Budenal an age, been engaged to him near three months, liked him at firſt, but now he was become quite a bore; Harcourt was dying for her, at leaſt he told her ſo. Could ſhe

ſhe be cruel to ſuch an Adonis? Forbid it love;—forbid it vanity; ſuch a fine fellow, would make her the envy of the whole world. Mamma was far from well, often confined to her room, Melville quite eaſy and unſuſpicious waiting the arrival of papa, to make her his for ever.

Well good folks they would all be bilk'd; ſuch an immenſe fortune, and not pleaſe herſelf, that would be hard indeed. No time like the preſent. A few tender billetdoux paſſed; one ſtolen interview, and off tripped the incomparable pair, leaving the diſconſolate parent, and lately favored lover in *the lurch*.

Great was the concern of Lady Urſell, but long had the eyes of Melville been freed from the gold-duſt, which at firſt blinded them. Long had he regretted the engagement, and tho' he felt for the afflicted mother, he was ſincerely thankful for his own releaſe.

A few days after this event, Sir William joined them. Ambitious of being connected with ſuperior blood, he raved like a mad-

man at the diſappointment, denounced vengeance againſt the fugitives, and intreated Mr. Melville to accompany him in the purſuit of his daughter. Knowing her intimacy with Lady Wimple, thither they immediately repaired, ſaw not her ladyſhip, but by a well-timed bribe, obtained intelligence of their route from the ſervants, and reached Dover juſt as the charming couple was going to embark. Curious was the rencontre, Nannette was the firſt they ſaw on entering the houſe, to which they were directed. The ſight of her ſurprized Sir William. Eagerly he enquired for her lady. "She, ſhe was not to be ſeen," was the unguarded reply. "Not to be ſeen," repeated Sir William, "why is ſhe here too?' "No not my old lady, that you know," returned Nannette with heſitation. Sir William ſtared, and enquired who was now her lady?

The myſtery was unravelled.

But who can paint Nannette's diſtreſs, when ſhe found Sir William was the offended father of her preſent miſtreſs. She rejected

jected his bribes, " no, ſhe ſcorned to be-tray her truſt." She would not ſhew him to her apartment, and ſeverely did ſhe condemn her imprudent anſwers.

" Honored madam! no by heavens! I dont think myſelf at all honored, by worry-ing ſuch a poor ideot that can ſo far depart from the ſtandard of taſte as to compare me to Melville" exclaim'd an impaſſion'd voice near them. " Strike me ugly, if I think there's any compariſon. Why madam, it has been my misfortune to cauſe deſola-tion amongſt the fair, wherever I appeared. Often have I lamented the fatal effects of my accompliſhments, the poor girls have ſuffered confoundedly it muſt be owned, and it has often been to me, a melancholy conſideration; but to be put on a level with Melville, is what I can't bear. He as hand-ſome as me! he like me! by Jupiter madam, if you ſay ſo again, I'll throw you out of the window."

Sir William followed the voice, and ruſh-ing into the room, " no, no, my Narciſſus,"

exclaimed the knight, " I'll ſpare you that trouble, for i'll do it myſelf then degenerate wretch," ſaid he, ſeizing the affrighted bride by the arm. Melville interpoſed. The bridegroom's rage was converted into the moſt profound humility; by the recollection of what had impelled him to rattle the matrimonial chains.—Sir William's dirty acres. He knelt, Harriet wept, and Sir William finding they were really married.—Forgave them from policy.

But diſſatisfaction ſat heavy on his brow, and gloomy would their return to town have been, but for the loquacity of Nannette. She ſpoke of the ſubject next her heart. Sir William was on the rack. Wiſhed Nannette gagged. Winked at Melville, but all to no purpoſe, Nannette muſt praiſe her charming lady. " Ah! what a world of trouble ſhe had gone through, had inſiſted on her leaving her, and returning to France, and tho' it almoſt broke her heart, ſhe did obey her." Her broken Engliſh, and energetic manner amuſed Mr. Melville, and

Nannette added, " ſhe hoped madame, would find that good lady, Madame Delamaine ;" Melville ſtared ! and enquired " if ſhe knew Mrs. Delamaine ?"

" No, but ſhe was the good friend of her miſtreſs." " And who is your miſtreſs ? he was told her name, but ſtill, all was myſtery.

Sir William ſat ruminating what courſe to take, he wiſhed not for a diſcovery, it would overturn his whole plan, he had fed on the hopes of again devolping the abode of our heroine ; on the other hand, ſhould he be detected, ſhame muſt be his portion. He therefore reſolved, on the ſafeſt ſide, and ſatisfy the curioſity of Mr. Melville, alledging his ſolemn promiſe to Adela, as a reaſon for hitherto concealing it. Melville admitted; could but not think it juſt. " I will fly," ſaid he " to this moſt charming injured woman ; will convey her to Mrs. Delamaine, and think myſelf the happieſt of men."

" Is Mrs. Delamaine in England ? enquired Sir William in a tone of affected ſur-

prize—" Oh! yes" return'd Mr. Melville, " could you be ignorant of that? She it at home I know, for I lately ſaw a gentleman in Edinburgh, that accompanied her from Germany; but my long abſence has made me a truant. I bluſh to ſay, I have now a letter of hers unanſwered, of a very old date. This neglect, has likewiſe kept me in ignorance of the lovely Adela's fate, but I will ſtrive to merit her forgiveneſs, and guide her to ſafety." Nannette clapped her hands, and vociferated her joy, to the no ſmall diſturbance of Sir William, who heartily chagrined by her noiſe and his own reflections, ſtopped in Harley ſtreet with his ſon and daughter in ſullen mood; and Mr. Melville proceeded in queſt of his long loſt favorite.

CHAPTER XLV.

ADELA's repoſe was long and undiſturbed, great was Mr. Melville's impatience to ſee her; but ſtill greater his anxiety for her alarming ſituation. He reſolved not to quit the houſe, without knowing the event, and therefore conſented to partake of Mrs. Laymond's frugal dinner. But juſt as the table-cloth was removed, our heroine made her unexpected appearance, pale as the whited ſepulchre, at ſeeing Mr. Melville ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and threw herſelf into a chair. He flew to her aſſiſtance, ſtrove to alleviate the extreme ſurprize he had given her; and was ſucceſsful. She recovered by degrees, enquired

what happy chance conducted him to her, and uttered the warmeſt effuſions of grateful friendſhip.

She had waked juſt as Nannette was ſummoned to dinner, and finding her lately ruffled ſpirits compoſed, by the ſoothing influence of ſleep, aroſe and entered the dining room, unſuſpicious of the gueſt it contained. Mr. Melville related the occurrences, that led him to her, aſſured her that Mrs. Delamaine was in England, and accounted for his ignorance of her preſent abode, by his long ſtay in Scotland. But added unwelcome intelligence. The worthy Mr. Lancaſter was no more. He breathed his laſt in Germany, and our heroine's heart paid the tribute of ſorrow to his memory. "I will go" ſaid Mr. Melville "inſtantly in ſearch of Wentworth, he will guide me to Mrs. Delamaine."

Long had the name of Wentworth been a ſtranger to the ear of Adela, ever attended with perturbation, it was now doubly ſo. She made no reply, and Mr. Melville inſtantly

ſtantly left her, with an appearance of all poſſible expedition.

Numerous were the apologies of Mrs. Laymond, and as numerous the congratulations of her daughter. The ſuſpicions of the former ſtill remained; but finding the connexions of our heroine ſo powerful, ſhe condemned herſelf, for having ſo plainly expreſſed them. She even ſolicited forgivneſs of her lovely gueſt, which was moſt readily granted; or rather Adela would not admit ſhe needed it. "If any are blameable, it is thoſe who have miſinformed you madam," ſaid ſhe, holding out her hand to Mrs. Laymond, in token of her amity.

But the misfortune of the worthy Winkit recurred to her, that ſhe ſhould be accuſed as the cauſe of it. How dreadful! never could ſhe taſte of peace, until his philantrophy was rewarded, and he again enjoyed the bleſſings of freedom, and the power of exerciſing the benign faculties of his mind. Nannette who had much to explain, and much to communicate, prevented the ab-

ſence of Mr. Melville from appearing tedious. He returned without ſeeing Lord Wentworth, but not without the expected information,—ſome unpleaſant ones.

The late beautiful, and much admired Mrs. Lennard, no more would grace the brilliant circles, no longer revel at the midnight ball. Her prediction was verified, ſhe did not long ſurvive her letter to Adela. A fever ſettled on her ſpirits, and all thoſe celebrated graces were conveyed to the ſame chambers that hold deformity, age, and diſeaſe.—Such is the lot of mortality.

The grim tyrant levels all diſtinctions and blends the aſhes of the beauteous fair one: ah! melancholy conſideration, with that of the deteſted, vulgar!

Mrs. Lennard returned to England.—Lord Wentworth ſaw her breathe her laſt, at Bath, and was now at Low-wood with her inconſolable Henry. Thither Mr. Melville determined to repair, aſſured by that means, of tracing Mrs. Delamaine. He ſpent the evening with our heroine, heard of the goodneſs

nefs and diftrefs of Mr. Winkit; and the falfe affertions of Lady Wimple.

At the latter Adela expreffed her wonder. "By what could an entire ftranger, thus be induced to injure her?"

"A ftranger my dear madam," faid Melville, "you are no ftranger, to that worthlefs female, Mifs Grilliard. Often have I feen you blufh for her follies and malevolence." The late much pitied Lady Wimple, really died with a broken heart, (as the world alledged) from the difappointment of her jewels, and the mournful exit of her beloved *lap dog*.

And Mifs Grilliard, (wonderful inftance of modern ftability,) liftened with infinite complacency to the vows of that horrid bore Sir James, and actually beftowed her adorable felf, on the plodding creature. Perhaps from a wifh of reforming him.—But here fhe was difappointed, Sir James maintained his principles, and defpifed hers. Intereft was the motive of his addreffes. Her gold repaired his fhatter'd fortune; but he

could not conceal his disapprobation of her conduct; and they were no less famous for their dissentions than the former union.

This relation at once cleared up the mystery of Lady Wimple; Adela was no stranger to her heart, nor the sensations undesignedly excited by herself.

Superior attractions is a crime, which the narrow mind can never forgive, and in a child of poverty is doubly aggravating. Mr. Mellville at first was for confronting the vile detractor; but Adela declared her unworthy of so much regard, none would believe her assertions, whose opinions were of any consequence, and they left her to the punishment of herself.

But the deserving Winkit, must, and should be rewarded, was the assurance with which Mr. Melville concluded his visit; and wishing our heroine a good night, he left her with a felicity playing about her heart, to which she had been long a stranger. It was rather more than the weakness of her spirits could bear. The approaching interview, was

was ever preſent to her imagination. Fear and hope kept her in conſtant agitation.—Her mind was buſied in painting the meeting at Low-wood, and ſhe was wiſhing Mr. Melville's return, when a viſitor almoſt as welcome was announced.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. Winkit entered with precipitation and flung himſelf at Adela's feet. "How can I thank you? how excuſe the trouble I have cauſed, dear, dear, lady," ſaid he in interrupted accents.

"Thank me! what is this! riſe, indeed I merit no thanks, nor can I hear any apologies, riſe my good ſir, believe me you are miſtaken," replied Adela, extremely affected by the emotions of her kind preſerver. "Not merit thanks. Ah! I know better madam, returned Mr. Winkit, I am not to be deceived ſo, I know none but ſuch an angel as you are, could ſend that gentleman to take me out of priſon He would not tell me who he was, and you may deny it if you

you pleaſe; but I'll never give it up, becauſe I have been comparing notes with Mrs. Laymond; and ſhe deſcribes the gentleman to a hair, and ſays he is come to carry you to your friends. Bleſſed be to God, for all his goodneſs," added Mr. Winkit devoutly, "I always ſaid you would come to honor, but Peggy madam, there's the rub, I'm almoſt aſhamed to look you in the face, ſhe has made me miſerable for ever, by her behaviour to you. I can ſay nothing in excuſe. I would rather have died in priſon, a great deal, than ſuch a thing ſhould have happened."

"Oh! fie!" ſaid Adela, "you really make me angry. I have quite forgot what you allude to, muſt hear no more repetitions; but am ſincerely rejoiced to ſee you again, and hope we ſhall all be happy."

Mr. Winkit looked abaſhed, pauſed, then recovering himſelf, "forgive me worthy lady; but indeed I ſhall never have peace, until you own your generoſity. I humbly beg madam, you will let me know the truth."

"I ſolemnly

"I solemnly assure you, I am not your deliverer," said Adela. "But here he is," exclaimed Winkit, on seeing Mr. Melville alight at the door, "that is the gentleman who came to me last night." His raptures again returned, but Adela heard them not.

Joy was imprinted on Melville's features. He entered with the welcome sounds of "Mrs. Delamaine waits to embrace you. I come to conduct you to her." The effusions of the grateful Winkit was lost. "Where, where is my friend?" said Adela. A coach was called, she pronounced a hasty adieu to the Laymonds and Mr. Winkit, and entered it with Mr. Melville. Winkit followed her to the door, and when the carriage drove off jumped up behind; and attending them to Mrs. Delamaine's habitation, he departed unobserved.

Such a meeting, I leave others to describe, I am incapable. All was I feel, but I cannot describe it. In the first effusions of joy on such occasions, the language is that of the

soul,

ſoul, little has the lips to do. Mrs. Delamaine introduced Adela to a female, who ſat working in one corner of the room.—"I wonder who this can be," thought Adela, on obſerving ſhe ſeem'd quite at home. She quitted the room, and the myſtery was explained.

She was, like herſelf, a daughter of misfortune. Like, did I ſay? Indeed it was an error of my pen.

Adela never experienced, what could ſtand in any competition, with the heart rending woes of Julia Howard. Longer had ſhe groaned under the laſh of poverty. More had ſhe been oppreſſed, and more unknown. But Mrs. Delamaine was ſent to her reſcue, ſhe found her in the hour of diſtreſs, and took her into her boſom. She loved Adela even before ſhe ſaw her, and the fineſt attractions of ſympathy, now endeared them to each other. The natural ſpirits of Julia were cruſhed by early misfortune. A dejection would ſometimes intrude, ſpite

of

of her utmoſt efforts; but ſhe was happier, far happier than ſhe had been, and endeavoured to look forward to brighter proſpects opened by the friendly hand of Mrs. Delamaine.

Mrs. Delamaine was more than ever ſecluded from the faſhionable world. Her habitation was humble, but not the leſs happy. No ſnarling diſcord dwelt beneath her roof; but unanimity, gave *gout* to every enjoyment. She was beginning her narration to Adela, but interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen.

Late acquiſitions of Mrs. Delamaine, and truly valuable ones, they have been indefatigable in ſerving her, and removing a variety of difficulties with which ſhe had been ſurrounded. One had an infinite ſhare of humour, both of good ſenſe, that would dignify any ſphere in life. Their viſit was merely *en paſſant*. They were introduced to our heroine and Mr. Melville; chatted away a half hour, and took their leave.

"Now

" Now let me congratulate my Adela,' ſaid Mrs. Delamaine; but taking a letter from her pocket-book, " this" ſaid ſhe " will beſt explain my meaning."

LORD WENTWORTH,

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE.

Low-wood.

I am juſt informed of your return to England, and cannot one moment defer congratulating you and your friends on that much wiſhed for event: by none more ardently wiſhed for than myſelf, as I doubt not but it is in your power to obviate the extreme anxiety I at this time experience. When you

you left England you were no ſtranger to the dejection under which Mrs. Lennard laboured, a dejection which increaſed rapidly ſpite of the unremitting tenderneſs of her fond returning huſband, the beſt of men. That letter from you, dedicated by cruel neceſſity, ſeemed to increaſe the diſorder, the diſorder of her mind. I ſtrove, perhaps in vain, to conceal my own diſtreſs: happineſs and all the ſmiling train of love which danced ſo blythe in my imagination, veiled their fair faces and departed mourning. I propoſed returning to England, but deferred it a few weeks in compliance with Mr. Lennard's earneſt intreaty, and we arrived at London *en trio.* The firſt adviſe was obtained for Mrs. Lennard, every ſymtom of a deep decline was viſible, and ſhe was ordered to Bath. My injured ſpirits ſought retirement. I longed for the ſilent ſhades of Belle-vue; but it could not be, the miſery of Mr. Lennard increaſed, with the danger of his beloved Emma, and humanity forbade me to leave them. I accompanied

panied them to Bath, witneſſed their adieu, received her laſt injunction, and ſaw her remains laid in the family vault, in this place, Mrs. Amſbury was her laſt, and deareſt concern: repeatedly did ſhe execrate her own credulity, reſpecting Mrs. Alton, and begged our joint forgiveneſs.

Since this event, I have been the only companion of Mr. Lennard, we mingle our woes together, they are ſimilar, and we find ſome conſolation in the whiſpers of friendſhip. But I have not been an unactive mourner. The lovlieſt of women is ſtill my care. To me is allotted the taſk of communicating the gifts of fortune, the only tribute of gratitude, (to uſe the dying words of Mrs. Lennard,) now to be made. " Alas! added the expiring beauty, how inſufficient to conceal the memory of my unkindneſs. Oh! my Lord there are no more Adela's." She graſped my hand with inexpreſſible energy, and her ſpirits winged its immortal flight.

Noble is the proviſion for Mrs. Amſbury, I have endeavoured to fulfil my charge. Ignorant

Ignorant of the exact place of her abode, I went to Barton, but what an account did I there receive, I am unequal to the minute recital. Our Adela is in England, madam, widowed, poor, and friendlefs. Your affiftance I earneftly fupplicate to difcover her retreat. Where can the lovely mourner be retired? I have been moft vigilant in my enquiries, but can only trace her to your late abode. There fhe came fome months fince, in apparent diftrefs; but I can learn no more. You will I am well affured join with me in endeavouring to difcover her retirement, and give a new exiftence to your

devoted

Wentworth.

A variety of painful emotions gliftened in the fine eyes of our heroine, as fhe returned the letter to Mrs. Delamaine; but they were not without fome faint irradiations of joy, occafioned by the fervor with which Lord Wentworth named her. "Am I fo dear to him?" faid fhe mentally. "Oh! where is

the diadem for which I would exchange his friendſhip."

"This," ſaid Mrs. Delamaine, "is but the introduction to my tale. By Melville am I acquainted with your recent ſorrows. You are no ſtranger to the fate of your letters on that ſubject; but you are yet a ſtranger to the good in ſtore for you. You know not by what means Mr. and Mrs. Lennard were reconciled; you know not that the noble Alfred is all your own; nor am I equal to the relation. Again muſt I have reſource to a better narrator." It was Mrs. Lennard's letter to our heroine, which Mr. Hughes had returned from Naples: Adela peruſed it over and over, then returned to Mrs. Delamaine, while bluſhes dyed her lately palid face. "Does not the proſpect heighten?" ſaid Mrs. Delamaine.

Adela ſighed deeply; the crimſon again deſerted her cheek, and ſhe replied, "The wiſh of Mrs. Lennard can never be realized."

" Say not ſo," returned Mrs. Delamaine, ſmiling; " injure not the gifts of Heaven with gloomy fears; nor interrupt my ſtory with that mournful look. Come, be as happy as you ought to be," continued ſhe, " and give your active fancy leave to anticipate approaching felicity, and view the halcyon days in ſtore for you, with an unjaundiced eye."

" I have been at Low-wood ſince the receipt of Lord Wentworth's letter; ſtrove to conſole this mourning pair, but only got myſelf infected with their melancholy. In vain have I added my reſearches after you, to thoſe of his Lordſhip; and as a laſt reſource had juſt determined on advertiſing you, when Auguſtus Melville entered and made the diſcovery."

" And now tell me, my Adela, how can you dare to contradict the evident deſign of Providence, who has only led you through thoſe thorny paths, to make you more worthy of its ſmiles?"

" Twenty

"Twenty thouſand is your immediate right, and Low-wood devolves to you and your heirs after the death of Mr. Lennard."

"Oh! Madam, it is too much, I do not merit it," replied Adela.

"Not merit it," rejoined Mrs. Delamaine; "what tribute is a ſufficient reward for your diſintereſted zeal. Is it not through you ſhe was preſerved from guilt and miſery? Was it not you who convinced her huſband he had wronged her, ſent him in the moment of danger, to offer every poſſible reparation, and convince her how cruelly ſhe had been miſled. Her life was the ſacrifice of thoſe enemies who led to that fatal union. But her loſt hours were ſoothed by the tenderneſs of her Henry: ſhe evinced the utmoſt contrition; for, having trifled away the means of honoring her Maker, and ſerving her fellow-beings. Riches and rank had only been made ſubſervient to pamper luxury, vanity, and oſtentation."

"This was one of her laſt opinions; this cool ſeaſon of reflection ſhewed her the

world unvarniſhed; her own good heart exerted itſelf; ſhe lamented her failings, made her peace with God and man, and breathed out her ſoul in the arms of her reconciled huſband."

"You will, I hope," added Mrs Delamaine, "inherit her virtues, and avoid her faults. But I have another narration, which will ſerve as a deſert after ſupper."

The two gentlemen who had before paid a tranſient viſit, again entered, and ſpent the evening with them. Mr. Middleton told Mrs. Delamaine, he had juſt called on Miſs Budenal, and ſhe would be with her in the morning.—Adela blamed herſelf for not having before enquired for her little favorite; but ſhe now made ample amends for the neglect. Mr. Faulkener, one of their viſitors, aſſured her, that the increaſed lovelineſs of Olivia's perſon, could only be equalled by the opening beauties of her mind.

The evening paſſed with that delight which was ever found in the well-choſen

parties

parties at Mrs. Delamaine's: mutually pleafed they parted with reluctance, and Adela warmly teftified her approbation.

They were of the very few in whofe fociety fhe was truly happy. Their converfation delighted while it improved. They were unfkilled in the puerile topics of the age; but thoroughly verfed in every ufeful attainment. Sound morality and real piety guided their actions. They were not enough fafhionable to laugh at religion, defpife good fenfe, or trample on the rights of humanity. They were no ftrangers to the name of Adela; were interefted in her caufe by the partial defcription of Mrs. Delamaine, and their conduct evinced no marks of difappointment.

The adventures of Budenal was the deffert Mrs. Delamaine alluded to; but ill did it merit the appellation. It could not fail of recalling anguifh to our heroine's heart.

After wandering awhile, laden with a tortured mind, he liftened to the confoling arguments of Romifh eloquence, purchafed a

difpenfation at a high rate, and was admitted within the pale of their church as a reverend father.

"What horrid proftitution is this? What abufe of every thing facred! were he a true penitent, far different would be his conduct. He takes the facred name of religion as a fanctuary from murder!" faid Adela.

"But how, Madam, has he difpofed of his effects?"

"Half to the monaftry of which he is a member; the refidue to be equally divided between his wife and child."

"And where is the amiable Ezalinda?" rejoined Adela.

"She has," returned Mrs. Delamaine, "been a reclufe at Heath-hill, fince the laft defertion of her wretched hufband; for wretched muft fuch a monfter undoubtedly be. She was the laft perfon I vifited before I left England. I have written to her in the courfe of my refearches for you, and laft week received her melancholy anfwer, containing an account of Budenal's feclufion from

from the world, together with a contrite confeſſion of the injuries he had done you, and a wiſh of being forgiven by both you and her."

" Unhappy Ezalinda," ſaid Adela, " thou art deſerving of a better lot." It was a painful ſubject, and Mrs. Delamaine forebore to enlarge. It had been, literally, a day of adventure. Adela's ſpirits greatly needed refreſhment. " I have tranſgreſſed," ſaid Mrs. Delamaine, " I have kept you up too long; you are an invalid, and can ill bear ſuch incroachments." Adela declared the converſation of her friends was a never failing cure for every ill, and wiſhing Mrs. Delamaine good repoſe, retired with her newly acquired friend Julia, juſt as the watchman announced paſt two o'clock.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE following was a day of buſineſs. Mrs. Delamaine wrote to Low-wood, and Adela ſat down to employ her pen likewiſe; but the viciſſitudes ſhe had ſo lately experienced, ruffled her mind, and rendered her unequal to the taſk. She wrote and blotted, and wrote again; but at laſt was obliged to give it up, and employ Julia Howard, as her amanuenſis to Lady Iſmena Heighdelnam, to whom ſhe conſidered herſelf indiſpenſibly bound to communicate the preſent revolutions. She was likewiſe anxious to addreſs Mrs. Budenal, but that muſt be reſerved for a more tranquil moment; there no other pen could be accepted.

Julia had juſt finiſhed her performance, and Adela was looking it over, when Mrs. Delamaine joined them, followed by two ladies, whoſe faces Adela knew ſhe had ſeen before, but could not recollect their names, until the elder addreſſing her with a manner peculiar to herſelf, ſhe inſtantly recollected the amiable Mrs. and Miſs Melvin, whom ſhe had known in France, when her acquaintance with Mr. Lennard commenced; and from the deſcription of Mr. Hughes, were extremely prepoſſeſſed in her favor; which ſince their return was increaſed by the encomiums of Mrs. Delamaine.

Mrs. Melvin embraced Adela with ardour, and congratulated Mrs. Delamaine on the acquiſition reſtored to her. There was a grateful warmth in every look, word, and action of Mrs. Melvin, which won the heart of Adela. She was bleſſed with a mind truly benevolent, and knew how to give it expreſſion.

Few knew the world ſo well, or deſpiſed its follies more than Mrs. Melvin. Few

poſſeſſed ſo much ſound ſenſe, unerring judgment, ſtrength of memory, brilliancy of repartee, and politeneſs of manners, as Mrs. Melvin. She communicated chearfulneſs whenever ſhe appeared, and reluctance followed her departure. She turned to Julia Howard, kindly enquired how ſhe did, and ſmiling, told her ſhe was not forgotten. Miſs Melvin ſpoke little; but that little marked her a woman of no common mold. A gentle unaſſuming character; ſhe avoided the ſun-ſhine, but diſplayed its beauties in the retired walk of private life. To chear the drooping ſpirit, viſit the ſick and feed the poor, were the earthly paradiſe of Miſs Melvin.

Thoſe are the actions which procure that inward approbation, which nought elſe can give, and raiſes the human heart almoſt to Heaven.

Mr. Melville was their next viſitor; he brought Olivia with him. The lapſe of time had not effaced the idea of Adela from her memory: ſhe threw her arms around her

her neck, and ſobbed her joy. Then wiping away the falling tears; "My uncle is below," ſaid ſhe, "waiting to ſee you." The artleſs error extorted a frown from Mr. Melville, and a crimſon bluſh from Adela.

Mrs. Delamaine threw down the letter which ſhe had juſt written, and left the room. Adela caſt an enquiring look at Mr. Melville, and he ratified Olivia's aſſertion; Lord Wentworth was really below! a few tumultuous moments, and he entered with Mrs. Delamaine. Adela had juſt ſummoned every particle of reſolution, with which nature had endowed her; but when the door opened it inſtantly vaniſhed in air.

Nature aſſumed its empire over her heart, and kindly took the faithful lover's part. She hid her face in Julia Howard's boſom, and Alfred ſeated himſelf in ſilence by her ſide; then ſeized her trembling hand, and pronounced ſome incoherent ſentences; (Julia withdrew.)

"I am unequal to this," ſaid Adela, riſing. She was about to quit the room, but

the no leſs agitated Alfred prevented her; repeated his warm effuſions in accents more articulate, and ſurpriſe was ſucceeded by felicity, pure and unmixed.

The vivacity of Olivia, aided by the efforts of Mrs. Delamaine, ſoon diſpelled their mutual reſtraint; and the happy Wentworth informed Adela, there was yet another zealous friend of hers waiting to be introduced; one, (added his Lordſhip) who is the cauſe of my preſent intruſion."

This really zealous friend was Mr. Wilmot. He was himſelf the voluntary bearer of a large pacquet of letters from Barton. She knew the hand of her Louiſa, and opened it with impatience. The incloſures fell on the floor; theſe were their ſeveral contents.

Mrs. Rhodes

TO

Adela.

Faern-hall.

I WILL not attempt to deſcribe what I have experienced within theſe few hours, for you, my lovely perſecuted friend and ſiſter. May ſome propitious power guide this to your hand, and alleviate the ſufferings with which you have been oppreſſed.

My father is again with us; but the incloſed will explain every thing,—and I forbear repetitions.

Come to us, my Adela; happy in being enabled to offer you an aſylum. I earneſtly conjure you to haſten to Faern-hall, where a groupe

a groupe of friends wait with impatience to embrace and welcome you with heart-felt love.

You will perhaps doubt my aſſertion. You have found enemies in the poſſeſſors of Faern-hall; but they are no longer ſo: I married even without a hope of happineſs: I beſtowed my hand in compliance with a fond parent's wiſh; and I am rewarded for the filial deed. The power I poſſeſs over the heart of Mr. Rhodes, has effected a change, almoſt as extraordinary as the fabled metamorphoſis of Cymon. Accuſe me not of vanity; only to the friend of my earlieſt remembrance, could I make ſuch a confeſſion. The motive will, I hope, plead a ſufficient excuſe: I mean to aſſure you, the inhabitants of Faern-hall will no more offend, but are anxious to obtain your pardon for the paſt. The ſtrong paſſions of Mrs. Rhodes frequently blinds her judgment, and leads her into errors; immediate oppoſition makes her furious; but each reflection brings her back to reaſon. She is not (however

appear-

appearances may be againſt her,) ſhe really is not capable of deliberate injuſtice.

To me ſhe has candidly owned her repugnance for the cruel inſults offered you at Naples. That villain Lambert was the chief aggreſſor; he urged her on to what ſhe did; but ſhe was ſurely wrong to liſten to him; and now, what would ſhe not do to be reſtored to your eſteem?

Suffer me, my Adela, to plead for her. Come and convince us you are truly generous. Come and ſee your friend happy, ſpite of the boding world. Perhaps there is not another exiſting, who could be ſo, in my ſituation. It is only ſuch cool inſenſibles as Louiſa Amſbury, who ſhould venture on ſimilar connexions.

Formed of leſs refined materials then women of exquiſite ſenſibility, we tread the beaten track of common life; ſtrangers to every extreme. I love my friends with a kind of peaceful tenderneſs. I regard my huſband, and ſtrive to promote his happineſs, and the welfare of all around me, from principle;

ciple; but I am incapable of thoſe enthuſiaſtic ardors, that govern the deſtiny of ſuch as you.

Yet, think not, my Adela, though leſs diſtinguiſhed by the brilliant gifts of genius, deep ſenſibility, and all thoſe poliſhed graces that adorn your mind; think me not incapable of the pure and exalted flame of never-dying friendſhip.

You are the only mortal beyond the pole of conſanguinity, that ever agitated the tranquil boſom of

LOUISA RHODES.

Lady Ismena,

TO

Adela.

Flanders.

BY the kind aſſurance of Mr. Amſbury, I am encouraged to hope this letter will reach my much loved Adela, and convey ſome faint idea of the anxiety I have experienced ſince our ſeparation.

Scarcely could you have reached your native land, when your friend, or rather father, arrived here, totally ignorant of every recent misfortune.

The cruel and unjuſtifiable enmity which Mr. Fontinay harboured againſt you, alone induced

induced him to draw his brother, and family, from England; thereby hoping to realize his barbarous wiſh, and deprive you of every earthly reſource. But an over-ruling power interpoſed. Mr. Amſbury inſtantly diſproved the ſlanderous aſſertions urged againſt you: his upright ſoul revolted from ſuch glaring injuſtice, and he ſeemed to forget his own immediate loſs in his generous efforts, to clear your injured fame.

But, vain were all his arguments; inſtead of the wiſhed-for conviction, a quarrel enſued, and they parted with mutual diſguſt. Mr. Amſbury was haſtening to return, when report made me acquainted with his truly noble conduct, and I ſent him an invitation to my houſe, which he readily accepted. We conſequently ſpoke of you, and information was mutually communicated. The worthy man has been ſome weeks my gueſt, but there yet appears no hopes of a reconciliation with his implacable relative, whoſe unjuſt reſentment ſeems likewiſe extended to me.

From

From the ſadly ſoothing converſe of Mr. Amſbury, the image of our murdered Theodore, ſeemed to receive a new exiſtence in my heart, and my ſoul hovered perpetually over the woe-frought viſionary ſcene, with a kind of mournful infatuation. This excellent man obſerved the fond delirium of my mind; and, like you, accuſing himſelf as the promoter of it; he ſoon reſolved to leave me to the uninterrupted poſſeſſion of my ſorrow. Ardently have I importuned him to bleſs me with his ſociety, until the return of my much wiſhed for Gathaway; but, with reluctance, he tells me, it cannot be.

" No," he exclaims, while the big tear ſtands quivering in his eye, " No, dear Lady Iſmena, my ſoul pants for home; ſhe ſprings forward to embrace her long adopted daughter; her charming, injured, and I fear, unfriended Adela. In Barton ſhe will find no home: her Louiſa will not be there to receive her. Where then can the lovely

wanderer

wanderer expect an asylum? where direct her solitary way?

Ah! let me hasten to alleviate her present anguish and defend her from future evils!"

After such a declaration, can I one moment wish to deprive my Adela of her friend and father? Oh, no, forbid it, ye sacred powers that deign to impress the precepts of virtue on the human mind, and for ever defend your faithful votary, from such a crime. On the contrary, since I am made acquainted with the real motive of his impatience to be in England, I have employed every means in my power to facilitate his laudable wish. The worthy man folds me in his arms; he bids me be blest, and our tears mingle together.

May he find my much-loved Adela, happier than his fears forbode! May he be empowered to apply the balm of consolation to your wounded spirit, and whisper peace to your every care.

Be this moſt ardent prayer of my ſoul realized; and the world contains not another object that can henceforth diſturb the tranquility of my mind. I ſhall become an unintereſted ſpectator in this buſy mart of exiſtence, and my only remaining wiſh will be, to ſpend my future days in your ſociety, to imitate your unnumbered excellencies, and aided by your example look forward to an infinitely higher and more laſting felicity, than the viſionary bliſsful ſcene, that has ſo lately eluded my too eager graſp, and to whoſe memory I ſtill drop the involuntary tear of unconquerable regret.

I wait only for the return and approbation of my revered Gathaway, to quit a ſpot now become irkſome, and haſten to embrace the being on earth, moſt dear to my ſoul.

Oh, excellent parent of the moſt beloved of mankind, how I envy your mournfully luxurious interview with the lovely memento of his unequalled graces, the object of his

early

early *only love*; and the ſoftened image of his mind and manners?—Go, fraught with every felicity that righteous Heaven can impart:—go, and convey to our charming friend, the heartfelt bleſſings, the unremitting prayers and tender ſolicitude of her,

ISMENA.

Mr. Amsbury,

TO

Adela.

Faern-hall.

MAY theſe faithful tranſcripts of ſincere affection, be ſafely wafted to the dear daughter of my heart, and be the means of conducting her to the arms of her anxiouſly expecting friends; whoſe late ſufferings on her account, ſurpaſſes all deſcription, and can only be equalled by the chearing hope of being again bleſſed with her ſociety.

Let no ſcrupulous fears, no delicate apprehenſions prevent your immediately haſtening to Faern-hall, where a father, a ſiſter, and a circle of friends, wait to embrace and welcome

welcome you. Come then, my amiable child, come and partake the happineſs of thoſe endeared to you, by the moſt binding ties; come and forget your early misfortunes in the boſom of friendſhip.

Mrs. Rhodes (unequal to the taſk herſelf) ſolicits, through me, your generous forgiveneſs, and joins her altered ſon, and his Louiſa, in moſt earneſtly intreating you will forget every embittering remembrance, and endeavour to regain your native ſerenity, amid the ſoothing ſhades of this ſweet ſolitude.

Your fair friend, Lady Iſmena, would likewiſe join our ardent importunity, did not diſtance deprive us of her aid. Delay not then, one moment, to make us all happy. The amiable Wilmot will be your glad conductor. Oh, haſten to bleſs the declining days of,

Your Friend and Father.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"YES," ſaid Adela, giving the letters to Lord Wentworth, and Mrs. Delamaine, "yes, I will fly to this dear friend and father, this amiable ſiſter of my earlieſt choice; endeavour to give that conſolation, which they think I need convince them, that I have profited by the ſalutary leſſons of affliction, and am reſigned to the diſpenſation of eternal wiſdom." She pauſed, then claſping the hand of her enraptured Alfred; "Suffer me," added ſhe, with all that captivating ſimplicity, and artleſs innocence, that ever diſtinguiſhed her actions, "to go, and ſtrive by every exertion that philantrophy can dictate, to make ſome expiation for the woes I have occaſioned. And you

likewiſe, deareſt Madam," continued ſhe, looking ardently in Mrs. Delamaine's face, "you will, I know, applaud my deſign. My injured ſpirit ſeeks no other reſtorative then the calm enjoyment of itſelf.

This bleſſing is now offered me in the charming ſolitude of Faern-hall. There too I may, in ſome degree, acquit myſelf of the duty I owe that dear youth, who ſacrificed his brighteſt hopes, for the poor poſſeſſion of a reluctant hand. There I will hope to attone for my criminal acquieſcence with his impetuous love, by an unwearied attention to his worthy parent; at whoſe heart, I well know, his loſs will long ſit heavy; nor can happineſs find a reſting place in my boſom, till I have, at leaſt, ſoftened the anguiſh I have cauſed in his. For Louiſa, I have now no fears. Youth, novelty, and affluence, will drown the voice of ſorrow in a mind, turned like hers; but who can anſwer for the effects of ſuch a ſtroke, on an enthuſiaſtically fond and aged father?

Awhile

Awhile then, my much-loved friends, let me withdraw even from your ſociety. Retirement will reſtore me to my former tranquil ſtate. I ſhall acquit myſelf of the charge that hangs around my heart; become, perhaps, more worthy your ineſtimable regards, and when I have buried the remembrance of my errors, I will return and ſhare your felicity."

Mrs. Delamaine looked her amazement, and Lord Wentworth gazed ſilently at her, with a glow of melancholy tenderneſs. But neither of them offered to oppoſe her reſolve. Mrs. Delamaine forbore from motives of delicacy, although ſhe mentally pronounced it an exceſs of refinement; but Lord Wentworth was too much an enthuſiaſt in love, to view the actions of his adored Adela, with the cool eye of common reaſon. With him, all that ſhe either ſaid or did, were the ſtamp of perfection. The purity and ardor of his paſſion, rendered him ſuperior to each ſelfiſh wiſh; and where a com-

mon lover would have murmured—he rapturoufly approved.

The refpect which Adela felt and owed to the memory of Mrs. Lennard, added to the tender regret excited by her lofs, was likewife another motive for this delicate delay.

A few blifsful hours glided by in the delightful interchanges of virtuous tendernefs, and the extatic affurances of inviolate fidelity. The only being that Heaven formed, capable of truly diftinguifhing the excellence, and worthy of being united with a fpirit fo pure and fo enlightened, that it feemed an emanation of the eternal mind; was permitted to hope, that the completion of all his wifhes was not far diftant. The charming Adela, the fole poffeffor of his undivided heart, fent to convince an unbeliever, that love is no romantic illufion, and kindle in his till then, unruffled breaft, the brighteft flame of that exalted paffion; liftened enraptured to the foft avowal of his tender fufferings, and fweetly blufhed her own: then

then clothing the empaſſioned language of her heart, in gently interrupted accents, bade him, ſince his happineſs was in her power, be happy.

"I go," ſaid ſhe, "to pay the tributes of duty and gratitude." She threw her eyes on the ground, pauſed, then added, "The remainder of my life is love, and yours."

A few ſilently extatic moments were conſecrated to this bleſt aſſurance. Already, the deſerving Alfred, felt the dawnings of felicity burſt on his mind, and when his firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he marked, in glowing colours, every gradation of his attachment, from the moment of its birth, when

"He watched the early glories of her eyes, as men, for day break, watch the eaſtern ſkies." Until that heart-rending period, when the ſad tidings of her union with another, ſeemed to bury all his hopes, in the tomb of deep deſpair. But, again was the veil that hung between them, removed;

and the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of earthly bliſs, appeared in view.

An early day was named for her departure for Barton, and the intermediate time glided away in the participation of every mental luxury, that virtuous and congenial ſouls are capable of taſting. Our heroine found in Julia Howard, a valuable acquiſition; ſhe added to an uncommon brilliancy of underſtanding and elegance of manners, a deep ſenſibility, ſoothing tenderneſs, and winning condeſcenſion, nearly equalled. Adela diſcovered in her, all the amiable ardor of Lady Iſmena, and the engaging ſweetneſs of her friend Louiſa, adorned by far ſuperior endowments, than either of them could boaſt. Her ſentiments breathed a delicacy of refinement, unallayed by affectation, and an innate dignity of ſoul that ſoared far above any revolution of fortune, rendered her reſpectable in the loweſt abyſs of penury; and truly great, in the very depths of misfortune. The ſociety of Adela beguiled each ſad remembrance of her la-

tent

tent ſorrows, and her native vivacity again began to diſcloſe its beauties. She attended with delighted ear to the accents of genius, learning, truth, and philanthrophy, that fell from the lips of Wentworth, and often declared with the poet, that ſurely,

"Eternal wiſdom! that all-quick'ning ſun
Ne'er with a larger portion of his beams,
Awaken'd mortal Clay."

His Lordſhip likewiſe beheld, and liſtened to her, with a ſort of tender approbation, and repaid her flattering eulogium, by avowing, that, his beloved Adela excepted, he had never ſeen, or converſed with a female, in his opinion, ſo formed to captivate. But, highly qualified as Julia was, by the applauſe of a character, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, and always charmed with ſociety; her heart experienced far different emotions in the preſence of the accompliſhed and amiable Auguſtus Melville. Her eyes ſparkled with unuſual radiance, her cheek received a deeper glow, and her throbbing heart, and fal-

tering accents, betrayed unuſual agitation, whenever he approached. An immediate metamorphoſis always ſucceeded his entrance, no longer attentive to pleaſe all around her: her looks, word, and action, ſeemed all, by an involuntary impulſe, to be directed to him; and ſhe appeared, during theſe intervals, totally inſenſible of the exiſtance of any other being.

Mrs. Delamaine unſuſpicious of the real cauſe, attributed thoſe frequent abſences, and evident perturbations which Julia was too artleſs to conceal to the weak ſtate of her juſt recovered ſpirits; but Lord Wentworth, and Adela, aided by recent experience, viewed the caſe through a truer medium; and while they fancied the tender contagion had likewiſe reached the no longer volatile Auguſtus, they could not but regret an attachment apparently more hopeleſs, then ever theirs had been; for Lord Wentworth's poſſeſſions were large, although incumbered, œconomy might releaſe him from theſe galling fetters, which the profuſeneſs of his

anceſtors had entailed; but futurity preſented no hopes for Auguſtus Melville, but what aroſe from the liberality of his more wealthy relatives. His father was one of the brighteſt characters that ever adorned the Britiſh arms; but, like many other diſtinguiſhed ornaments of their country, he died in diſgrace, indigence, and obſcurity, leaving his infant ſon, the heir only of his virtues. The pride of blood, in thoſe, to whom he was allied, afforded the lovely boy that ſupport, which their unjuſt reſentment to his parent would gladly have denied him. His perſonal and mental graces, bloomed without culture, and in the excellent Alfred, he early found an invaluable friend, a faithful counſellor, and kind inſtructor, whoſe generous attention amply compenſated for the neglect of his other friends; and no ſooner did he attain maturity, then by his vigorous exertions, he procured for his orphan favorite, the reſtoration of a part of his father's fortune, which had been unjuſtly withheld from him, and was ſufficient to

keep him above abject dependance. His birth was equally noble, as that of his generous friends: indeed, the blood of Wentworth flowed through his veins, and he was the next heir to that title and estate, in case his Lordship died without issue; but this might almost be deemed a hopeless inheritance; at least, it was such as Augustus Melville never wished to profit by.

The peculiar beauty of his person, and the no less striking graces of his manners, induced many of his professing friends, to advise him to direct their irresistable power at some sighing damsel of affluence: but his spirit rose indignant at the idea of so base a prostitution, and he turned with honest disdain from the mean and despicable traffic of his honor. What! should the blood of Melville, so often shed in the cause of glory, and immortalized in the annals of Britannia, by a long succession of illustrious heroes, be now contaminated by a wretched fortune-hunter? No, his soul revolted at the base suggestion! Poverty may still be

honor-

honorable; but no ſucceeding turn of fate, could, in his eſtimation, wipe off ſo deep a ſtain. He therefore nobly withſtood every allurement, that the encouraging ſmiles of many approving fair ones, threw in his way.

His heart felt no advocate in their favor, and he ſcorned to ſubmit to that moſt miſerable of ſlavery, a wretched dependance on a deſpiſed woman. Spite of the unkindneſs of fortune, he reſolved to poſſeſs the native freedom of his mind; when a falſe idea of gratitude to the memory of Fanny Urſell, added to the apparent attachment of her ſiſter, and aided by a combination of ſubſequent circumſtances, baffled all his reſolutions. His heart naturally inclined to the ſide of compaſſion, and what he refuſed to the calls of intereſt, he yielded to the claims of generoſity.

He ſubmitted to devote his happineſs to the abſurd whim of a being, whoſe mind was all a vacuem. Some faint irradiations of reaſon, juſt raiſed her above animal life, but her heart was equally a ſtranger to every

amiable ſenſation, and inacceſſable to every attempt, to dictate and improve, as her underſtanding was impenetrably ſhut againſt the voice of truth and inſtruction, "and refuſed to hear the voice of the charmer—charm he never ſo wiſely." Such was the woman, that Auguſtus Melville heroically determined, in the firſt ardors of gratitude, to make the partner of his future days. But a very ſhort time ſhewed him the glaring folly of his conduct, and maddened with remorſe, in vain he looked around, for means to retreat with honor, when the gentle Harcourt happily ſtepped in, and kindly reſcued him from the dreaded enthralment.

Julia Howard was certainly a ſtriking contraſt to his faithleſs Harriet; who was beautiful, without being intereſting;—Julia, intereſting, commanding, facinating, without being beautiful, add to this deficiency in beauty, a ſtill greater deficiency in fortune.

Alas! Julia Howard, poſſeſſed of every ſoft attraction to captivate the ſoul, was very poor. Auguſtus Melville was poor likewiſe;

wiſe; and they were both equally imprudent, as poor.

Julia ſought inceſſantly, the ſweet elyſium of that enchanting converſe, which diſcretion warned her to avoid; while Auguſtus, hung with charmed ear, over the ſoft language of her heart, liſtened to the artleſs narrative of her hapleſs orphan infancy, and more unfriended youth; and as ſhe traced each ſad viciſſitude that reduced her to the deplorable ſtate, whence the benevolence of Mrs. Delamaine ſnatched her, overwhelmed with all that abſolute want, illneſs, and cruel oppreſſion, can inflict; with no other refuge in view but the horrid alternatives of ſuicide or infamy; his ſoul breathed the moſt empaſſioned ſympathy, and as the frequently betraying ſigh eſcaped, he told the charming narrator, that if there was a man on earth ſhe loved to tell her woe-wrought tale, and that would win him..

CHAP.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW thick does the envenomed arrows of affliction fly inceſſantly around; and how ſuddenly pierce the unſuſpicious mortal, in the midſt of fancied ſecurity.

Such was the experience of the little ſociety that crowded the happy, humble dwelling of Mrs. Delamaine.

True to his appointment, Mr. Wilmot returned from his viſit to a friend, who reſided near the metropolis, to conduct Adela to her anxiouſly expectent friends at Barton. The parting ſcene was ſuch as may be eaſily imagined. The temporary ſeparation of according minds was ſoftened by the chear-

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ing aſſurance of approaching felicity: and while a tender regret ſtole acroſs Adela's ſpirits, when Mrs. Delamaine preſſed her to her boſom, and Julia Howard pronounced a reluctant adieu; the flattering image of unembittered happineſs preſented itſelf, and ſmiling with undiſguiſed, unalterable love, on the ſilently admiring Alfred, every gloomy ſenſation winged his flight, and was ſucceeded by the brighteſt hopes, the moſt unclouded ſerenity.

In this ſweet enchantment of ſoul till then unfelt, our heroine had proceeded ſome miles on her journey, ſeated between the happieſt of men, (who abſolutely inſiſted on his right, of being her conductor) and the friendly Wilmot, and attended by her faithful Nannette, when ſtopping for refreſhment, at a ſmall inn, by the road ſide, the poſtilion whiſpered Lord Wentworth to obſerve a carriage behind, which had dogged them from town, and he doubted, meant no good. His Lordſhip ſmiled at the ſuſpicion, and directing his attention as deſired, obſerved a

hired

hired poſt-chaiſe, with the blinds drawn up, which followed cloſely after them, and likewiſe ſtopped; but unmindful of the poſtilion's ſagacious information, he led Adela into the houſe, and thought no more of what appeared to him of ſo little moment.

But ſcarcely were they ſeated, when the door of the room burſt ſuddenly open, and a tall maſculine figure, habited in ſable, entered with an air of fury. His countenance ſeemed inflamed by paſſion; every atom was convulſed, his eyes flaſhed fire, and rivetting their fierce regards on Lord Wentworth.

"Preſumptuous boy!" (he exclaimed with a voice almoſt choaked by rage) "baſe, deſpicable wretch! haſte thou dared to pollute thy name, and contaminate thy high deſcent, by a baſe alliance? And is this minion (turning to Adela) her, whom, for the indulgenc of a romantic whim, thou haſt preſumed to dignify with the illuſtrious honors of the houſe of Wentworth."

Petrifyed with amazement, Lord Wentworth aroſe to reply, but his enraged interrogater,

lifting a maſſy club that he held in his hand, levelled him in a moment with the ground; and Adela uttering a piercing ſhriek, fell inſenſibly into the arms of Mr. Wilmot; whoſe ſorrow could only be equalled by his ſurprize. The haughty aſſailant then ſtamped vehemently with his foot; ſeveral ill-looking fellows inſtantly appeared, and pointing ſullenly to the lifeleſs form of Adela, he bade them execute their orders. They haſtened to yield obedience, and tear her from the ſuſtaining arms of the heart-grieved Wilmot, who firmly avowed his reſolution to defend her; and confirmed the ſincerity of his deſign, by the moſt active exertions, till ſtunned by a blow from one of the aſſailants, he fell by the apparent corpſe of the injured Alfred; and Nannette being retired to another apartment, entirely ignorant of the paſſing ſcene; the victors bore off their prize without farther oppoſition.

"Where am I?" languidly demanded Adela, at length awakened from her deep ſtupor, by the rapid motion of the carriage

into which ſhe was conveyed; then raiſing her eyes to the wretches that guarded her, again ſhe uttered a fearful ſhriek, and ſtriving to diſengage herſelf from their hold, ſhe ſtarted from her ſeat, frenzy glared in her eye, and ſhe wildly enquired, "Why they had done this horrid, horrid deed! Where they had hid her murdered love, her dear, dear Alfred!" Then, unable to ſuſtain the violent conflicts of her ſoul, ſhe again ſunk into inſenſibility; and when the dawnings of animation once more illumed her form, her wildly plaintive ſorrow returned with accumulated force.

The apartment in which ſhe found herſelf immured, ſeemed deſigned for ever to exclude the chearful beams of day. The ſolemn ſilence that reigned around, added to the glimmering light of a taper that diffuſed a faint reflection over the ſurrounding objects, impreſſed Adela's unſettled judgment, with a belief, that ſhe was already deſcended into the gloomy manſions of the dead; and an emaciated female figure that

ſhe beheld gliding toward her, ſerved to confirm this belief. She ſtarted from the bed, as the ſuppoſed ſpectre approached near her, and with ſtreaming eyes, aſked if ſhe knew where they had laid her noble, generous Wentworth; for her ſpirit longed to contemplate his loved remains. "Spirit!" exclaimed the woman with afrighted aſpect, "What ſpirit?" She glanced her eyes fearfully around. The taper twinkled againſt the wall; Adela repeated her pathetic enquiry: the woman replied, "No, no," with a hollow voice, ſhut her eyes, muttered an ejaculation, to be defended from all ghoſtly perils; and turning ſuddenly from the lovely beſeeching form, who (to enforce her ardent requeſt) had proſtrated herſelf at her feet; ſhe darted out of the room, with the ſwiftneſs of thought.

Incapable of reaſoning, Adela ſtill continued on her knees, invoking every gentle ſhade that viewed her deep diſtreſs, to pity and conduct her to her Alfred; until the door again turned ſullenly on its hinges, and

the

the cruel cauſer of her ſoul piercing anguiſh ſtood before her. She gazed on him for a moment, in mournful ſilence, then ſpringing on her feet, with frantic agility;

"Are you, too, come," ſhe cried "to join me, and my dear, devoted, ſainted Alfred, in theſe dread caverns of eternal might? Are you come with his blood upon your head, to diſturb this awful ſcene, and agonize ſtill more, my poor perturbed ſoul? Or, are you ſent by the juſt and ſacred powers to make atonement for your paſt offences, your fatal cruelty, and gently lead me to his cold, cold clay?' She pauſed, and her viſitor ſtood aghaſt.—"Do this; do but this," continued ſhe; "and from my heart, I forgive every thing; and may your ſpirit dwell with ours in bliſs, for ever. But elſe you cannot, indeed you cannot. I am wronged, cruelly wronged; and, I tell you, the ſupreme avenger will not forgive till I do.

He will not ſuffer injured innocence, and martyred love, to plead in vain. I can pardon; indeed, indeed I can: but you

muſt

muft learn to pity, and deferve it: and if you don ot know how, I'll teach you in this difmal prifon-houfe: then I know you will rejoice to make the only expiation I require, and fhew me the remains of my Wentworth, ere our fpirits are again united above the reach of mortal enmity."

"Poor wretched, deluded girl!" exclaimed the ftranger; difappointed ambition has made thee mad." "Mad!" repeated fhe, feizing him by the arm: "Yes," faid he, putting her roughly from him, "I fay, thou art mad:—go," added he, feating her forcibly in a chair; "I fee thou art incapable of underftanding, or complying with what I defigned to propofe. I would not obtrude fuch a creature, on my loweft menial: but I will have thee conveyed to a proper place, where thou mayeft end thy miferable days in obfcurity."

But Adela heard not the conclufion of this fpeech. Every idea that had fo lately poffeffed her mind, was vanifhed. Even the image of Wentworth, was no longer diftin-

diſtinguiſhed. A deep ſtupor lapt her ſenſes in death like lethargy; and totally inſenſible to all her woes, ſhe ſmiled vacantly in the face of her un-relenting perſecutor, as he quitted the room: and when the female guardian, whoſe fears were ſo much awakened by the word, ſpirit, was again prevailed on to viſit her; ſhe found her, ſunk into an, apparently profound ſleep.

CHAPTER L.

FROM that mournful ſuſpenſion of life, which Adela's attendant miſtook for the cordial reſtorative of balmy ſleep, the lovely ſufferer awoke in all the agonies of a high delirious fever, which ended in a deep melancholy. The ſeat of memory ſeemed totally eraſed. The name of Alfred frequently dwelt on her lips, but without appearing to have any connected ideas annexed to it. Her extreme bodily ſufferings had reduced her to a perfect ſkeleton. She could ſeldom be prevailed on to take any nouriſhment; but would ſit whole days and nights on the ground, leaning her head on her hand, while her fine eyes, that ſo lately ſparkled with irreſiſtible beauties, and ſpoke

the unnumbered graces of her mind; robbed of all their luſtre, now ſerved only as the ſad intelligencers of her dejected ſtate.

A wretched lapſe of time enſued. She was conveyed, by the command of her unpitying preceptor, to one of thoſe receptacles where the miſerable lunatic oft groans beneath the ſcourge of vulgar tyranny.

There her diſorder daily gained ſtrength, and near two ſad years elapſed in this wretched deprivation of Heaven's moſt valuable gifts; when, one evening, walking in a ſmall incloſure, adjoining the houſe, where, with an attendant, the miſerable inmates were ſometimes permitted to wander; a dreadful claſh of ſwords aſſailed her ear, followed by diſmal groans, that ſeemed to vibrate on her heart, and awaken every native feeling of her ſoul. A gleam of reaſon darted acroſs her benighted faculties; bitter recollection burſt in a torrent on her injured mind; and flying toward the ſpot, from whence the alarming ſounds proceeded. "Oh," ſhe cried, "murder has again reſumed her

bloody

bloody work!"—The tumult within increafed. She could no more, but feating herfelf on a flight of fteps, that defcended into the garden, looked ftedfaftly up to Heaven, heaved repeated fighs, and clafping her hands mournfully together, remembrance was again loft, in the chaos of infanity. A long interval of filence reigned around, when a well known voice recalled the irradiating fpark that had juft deferted Adela's mind; and, "Where, where are the dear lovely fufferers?" was repeated in a tone of the moft impatient ardor, the moft animated tendernefs. Adela ftarted from her feat, and exclaimed, "It is—it is him, my dear, my amiable deliverer; he is again come to guide me to peace!"

The door of the houfe flew open, as fhe uttered thefe words, and Auguftus Melville, pale and trembling, caught her in his arms; but the furprize was too great for her; fhe no longer knew him, for her long tried friend; but fmiled gloomily in his face; then reclining her aching head on his bofom,

 enquired

ed what benignant angel he was, who thus ſweetly compaſſionated her ſorrows; and if he was come to conduct her weary ſoul to reſt?

"Do you not know me?" ſaid he, kiſſing her cheek, and bathing it with pitying tears, "Do you not know your friend Auguſtus Melville?" She raiſed her head from his boſom, and again ſmiled in his face.

"Lovelieſt victim of undiſtinguiſhing pride," added he, "awake to the gentle voice of truth and friendſhip. I come to lead you to the arms of love, and Alfred; to guide your fainting ſteps, where cruelty can no more moleſt you, but the ſoothing whiſpers of ſweeteſt conſolation, will bury the paſt in oblivion, and erect on its tomb, the nobleſt temple, dedicated to virtue and conjugal bliſs."

But, all was loſt on Adela; ſhe ſeemed to liſten with attention, repeated ſuch of his words, as particularly dwelt on her ear, juſt as a pleaſed infant liſps the inſtructions of its nurſe; but their impreſſion inſtantly died

away;

away; and, ſhe no more remembered to have heard them; but diſengaging herſelf from the embrace of her much intereſted friend, ſhe again ſeated herſelf on the garden ſteps, and reclined her head on her hand.

Melville regarded her ſome moments, with a look of tender ſorrow; and meaſuring his ſteps back to the houſe, returned in a few moments, leading the emaciated remains of Julia Howard.

"Behold," ſaid he, as they approached the dear object of their fondeſt care, "only the faint memento of our once charming friend. Her lovely form is ſunk in ruins, and her angelic mind ſeems totally deſtroyed. But come," added he, "my dear, and equally injured Julia, come and try, by thy gentle efforts, to communicate a ray of light, and hope, to this amiable ſiſter in calamity."

Julia threw herſelf on her knees, by the ſide of her unconſcious friend, in ſilent anguiſh; and, preſſing her hand to her lips,

 ardently

ardently befought her, once more, to blefs, with her kind regards, her poor, unfortunate, Julia Howard. But, fhe feemed ftill more unmoved, then fhe had been by the foothing affurances, and gentle endearments of Auguftus; and gazing at them with fixed infenfibility, fhe ftarted from her melancholy pofture, and her attendant conducted her into the houfe.

The paffage was ftained with blood. The horrid fight feemed to penetrate her foul, and again call forth her native fenfibility. She refufed to afcend the ftairs, but kneeling down, clafped her hands together, in all the agony of woe, and uttered the moft piercing lamentations.

" Behold," fhe cried. " the blood of my Alfred afcending from the grave. I come, I come, thou flaming meffenger; I languifh to attend your call.——Hufh! who fpoke of vengeance? Can this weak arm avenge? No, I tell you, none can avenge, fave one. Oh, impotent children of corruption, how

do

do ye prefume? What, dare to fnatch the rod from divine juftice? Oh, impious!"

Auguftus and Julia ftood weeping over her, but fhe obferved them not. A groan of deep anguifh echoed through the houfe. Adela ftarted from the ground. Melville caught her again in his arms. "Do you not now know me?" faid he, "And will you not go with us, and be happy?" "Happy!" faid fhe, looking quietly in his face. Another groan reached them. "Hark!" fhe cried, endeavouring to difengage herfelf. "Hark! I am called again." "Oh, no, my Adela, you muft not leave us," faid Auguftus, ftill holding her in his affectionate embrace, "indeed we muft not part." She rivetted her eyes angrily on him; then, by an exertion, much beyond her apparent ftrength, fhe eluded all their endeavours to detain her, and rufhed into the room, from whence the dreadful founds had proceeded.

There, agonizing on a couch, and fupported by feveral domeftics, lay the being that had reduced the unoffending Adela to

her preſent deplorable ſtate, in all the terrors of death.

A palid corpſe, with garments all enſanguined, preſented itſelf to her affrighted eyes, in another part of the room.

" Oh! who hath done this!" ſhe exclaimed with a ſcream of horror. " What preſumptuous mortal has dared thus to revenge the cauſe of my injured Wentworth? He did not ſend you, I am ſure he did not. No, he was too, too good, ever to take delight in ſcenes like this."

The expiring form rolled his languid eyes fearfully toward her. " Tell me," ſaid ſhe, approaching nearer, and tenderly preſſing his extended trembling hand between hers; " Ah! tell me who has done this wicked deed! Indeed I did not, nor my Wentworth did not." The dying man again groaned piteouſly.

" Stay, ſtay, ſtay," ſhe cried; " don't go away ſo faſt. Take my forgiveneſs, my ſincere, chearful forgiveneſs, and then we will go together, and ſearch for Alfred."

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He raiſed her hands to his lips. A ray of peace relumed his beclouded aſpect. He made repeated efforts to ſpeak, but nature was too far exhauſted. The unformed words died away in ſilence, on his quivering lips, and fixed his ardent eyes on the three pitying forms by his ſide, he ſunk into the arms of death."

"He is gone," ſaid Adela, with ſtreaming eyes, "he is quite gone, and will none of you releaſe me out of this miſery?"

"Yes," cried a dear, and long loſt object, ruſhing into the room, and ſnatching her to his bounding heart,—"Thy Alfred, thy own Alfred will!" She wiped the tears from her cheek, ſmiled mournfully in his face, and aſked if he was not that bright ſeraph Raphael, who was ever the willing meſſenger of ſovereign goodneſs: and, if he was indeed come to guide her erring ſteps to the bliſsful abodes, where, enthroned in happineſs, dwelt her long lamented, long loved Alfred."

"He is here," he exclaimed, in an agony of emotion, "thy adoring Alfred is himſelf come, to wipe all ſorrow from thoſe charming eyes, and ſhare with his Adela, the laviſh gifts of Heaven. To learn from thee, the practice of every virtue; and endeavour to derive happineſs ſuperior to the ravages of time or misfortune, by contributing to that of others. I came, likewiſe, to relate all the amazing turns of fortune, that I have experienced ſince our ſeparation, and plainly demonſtrate to thy liſtening ſoul, that through whatever bye-paths, and indirect crooked way, the higheſt ſummit of earthly glory may be attained.

"Even handed Juſtice,
Returns the ingredients of our poiſoned chalice,
To our own lips."

"Of which axiom," continued he, turning to the murdered forms before them, "we have here, two ſad mementos. But come, my injured love," added he, "let me at leaſt conduct you from this ſcene of horror."

She

She ſtarted wildly from him, and throwing herſelf proſtrate by the lifeleſs form, whoſe forgiveneſs ſhe had ſo lately ſealed; ſhe hid her face with its garments, and burſt into a violent paſſion of tears.

"Alas," cried the agitated Alfred, "what means this, dear, and only choice of my heart? Will you not once more look up and bleſs him who lives but for you? Look up, my life," added he, kneeling beſide her, "and let him whom you have profeſſed ſo long to have lamented and loved, conduct you to joy; and ſhew you the moſt enchanting proſpects of happineſs." She raiſed her head from the boſom of the corpſe, and ſeeing Julia Howard encircled in the arms of Mrs. Delamaine, ſhe ran towards them; then ſtopping ſuddenly, flew (as if for ſhelter) into the embrace of her nearly diſtracted lover; looked fearfully around for ſome moments, and then fell into ſuch ſtrong convulſions, that her ſpent ſoul ſeemed every inſtant quitting its almoſt ruinated manſion.

"Alas!" added the heart-wrung Alfred, as he held her ſtruggling in his arms, "thoſe bright and delicate ſpirits that diffuſed bleſſings all around, are, I fear, for ever chaced from their native abodes." He gently preſſed her glowing forehead to his lips. "And for me it is," ſaid he, looking at his friend Auguſtus, "this lovelieſt of creatures, is thus deſtroyed.—Oh Melville! is this the happineſs I panted for? Are theſe the delights I vainly hoped to ſhare, with the only woman my heart ever ſelected? What now avails the ſmiles of fortune?—Oh, father of mercies, if I loſe her, where will ſuch a wretch exiſt, as me? Inſufferable torment is in the thought!—See! ſee! the living principle droops in her fading eyes. Thoſe violent conflicts cannot long exiſt with a poor being, before ſo cruelly reduced."

"Fear not," ſaid the ſympathizing Julia, in a tone of ſweeteſt conſolation, "ſhe will live to make us all happy."

"Oh, no, flattering Julia," he replied, "ſhe cannot: I ſee ſhe cannot: ſhe will

not live for me. It is over," cried he, as ſhe ſunk motionleſs in his arms; "and ſorrow hath done her utmoſt!" He was quite overpowered, and after holding her awhile in his boſom, he ſuffered the intreaties of Melville to prevail on him, and quitting his ſtill dear charge, he imprinted on her aſhy cheek, the parting ſignature of unutterable anguiſh, and unconquerable love; and leaning on the arm of his compaſſionating friend, he accompanied him with ſad reluctant ſteps, out of the houſe.

CHAPTER LI.

EXTREME ſolicitude is ever apt to uſe the ſombre pencil, in delineating the dangers or diſtreſſes of a beloved object.

It was the effects of this propenſity, that impreſſed the excellent Alfred with a firm belief, that the pure ſpirit of his Adela had winged its immortal flight. But a very ſhort time removed this torturing reflection, and fully convinced his revigorated heart, that what he had miſtaken for the final ſtroke of death, was only the ſemblance of it; for, having remained ſome hours in a ſtate of deep inſenſibility, ſhe awoke, from a ſweet reſtoring ſleep. Some benig-

nant influence had diſpelled the horrors of delirium, and gently ſoothed her troubled ſoul. The remembrance of paſt ſorrows, ſtole with milder ſtep, and ſoftened aſpect, acroſs her becalmed ſpirits, and ſhe was only ignorant of what had occured, during the abſence of reaſon. She knew not where ſhe was, but ſhe ſaw herſelf attended by thoſe, endeared to her heart: and as her tears mingled with thoſe of the amiable Julia, who hung over her with the moſt tender anxiety, ſhe felt the affectionate preſſure of another friendly hand; and the kind conſoling whiſpers of Mrs. Delamaine ſounded like ſweeteſt muſic to her charmed ear, and diffuſed their gentle influence over her mind. But the lateſt ſcene, to which her ſenſes now gave teſtimony, quickly overclouded this moment of peaceful ſerenity. She beheld the image of her Alfred fall lifeleſs under the ſtroke of cruel ambition; and, ſtarting from her pillow, ſhe pathetically enquired what was become of him.

"He lives," cried Mrs. Delamaine, ſtraining her to her boſom, "he lives crowned with an increaſe of honor and affluence, to make our Adela happy! To bury the remembrance of paſt evils, in rhe rapturous oblivion of mutual bliſs; and join her in acknowledging, that

"Affliction is the wholeſome ſoil of virtue,
"Where patience, honor, ſweet humanity,
"Calm fortitude, take root and ſtrongly flouriſh."

"Does he indeed!" exclaimed Adela, with brightened aſpect, "does my Alfred ſtill live; my kindeſt, beſt conſoler: and ſhall I again ſee him?"

Mrs. Delamaine repeated her welcome aſſurances, and felicity opened to her view in proportion with increaſing ſtrength. Again ſhe heard the chearing voice of her enraptured Alfred; ſhared his tranſports, and received from his lips, a narration of the checquered viciſſitudes, that had intervened, ſince that well remembered day, when, juſt within ſight of happineſs, unfeeling tyranny

forced

ſorced aſunder, two hearts, united by the moſt ſacred ties; but, by a wondrous chain of events, led by painful gradations to their preſent, ſtill more unclouded proſpects. From him ſhe learnt that the being whoſe unruly paſſions had at length plunged the fatal ſteel in his own miſguided heart, was the Earl of Lanwarn, nearly allied to the houſe of Wentworth, who, having loſt his only ſon, in an affray in Italy, haſtened his return to England, to adopt his long diſtinguiſhed favorite Alfred, (to whom his title devolved, in caſe he died childleſs) the future heir likewiſe, of all his immenſe poſſeſſions; and to uſe his utmoſt efforts to unite him with a lady, exalted only by birth and fortune, who had long been deſtined the wife of his ſon. But ſcarcely had he reached the Britiſh ſhores, when the buſy tongue of rumour informed him that the favored object, whom he had reſolved thus eminently to diſtinguiſh, was already united to a poor, unknown, dependant. Diſappointment and rage took inſtant poſſeſſion of his mind, and aided by

a falſe

a falſe ſenſe of honor, he formed the cruel plan of ſeparating them, and put it into immediate execution. But what language can paint the anguiſh, deſpair, and madneſs of Alfred, when he found himſelf thus barbarouſly torn from all his ſoul held dear. He loudly demanded where they had conveyed his Adela; but this enquiry was only anſwered by another, from his haughty relative, deſiring to be informed if the female, who had thus faſcinated him, was indeed his wife; and ſuperior to falſehood, the diſtracted Alfred related impetuouſly, all that he deemed likely to actuate the heart of their tyrant perſecutor, in her favor, and prevail on him to recall his cruel ſentence. But it only produced the contrary effect, and ſerved to render him ſtill more immovable.

"Fooliſh, infatuated youth," he exclaimed with a contemptuous ſmile, "raſh romantic madman. Couldeſt thou not have ſecured this object, that thy ſoul ſo pants for, without intending to diſgrace thyſelf by an unworthy alliance? But, I rejoice to find I

have

have ſtepped in thus opportunely, to prevent the completion of thy baſe deſign; and ſave thy name from diſhonor. Still you may be great, honored, envied, and happy! Still you may be crowned with glory and riches! I haſtened hither to inveſt you with all in my power; to load you with abundance, to remove all your preſent difficulties, and open brighter proſpects for your future enjoyment. I met an ungrateful return; but yet, I perhaps may condeſcend to pardon, when you deſerve it." He pauſed, then riſing gloomily from his ſeat; "This ſable garb," added he, "is the faint ſymbol of the pangs I have lately endured for the loſs of my ſon: you know he was the laſt of a once numerous progeny; whom I have followed mourning to their early graves. With him, all hopes of happineſs in my own offspring died; and I therefore reſolved to transfer them to you. I purpoſed likewiſe to unite you with a noble lady; and if you can now reſolve to acquieſce with my wiſhes, ſacrifice your degrading predilection to your dignity,

dignity and intereſt, and reſolve to merit what I have deſigned in your favor. I will bury the paſt in oblivion, and you may again ſee, and in ſecret, poſſeſs this woman, that your heart ſo doats on."

The generous paſſions that glowed in the boſom of Wentworth, diſplayed their crimſon banner on his cheek, at the concluſion of the Earl's ſpeech. His eyes ſparkled with a noble ſcorn. "What," he cried with an indignant air, "unite infamy with the idea of my Adela? No, Sir, this heart will never renounce the woman it has ſelected, on any terms. The poſſeſſion of this vaſt univerſe could not compenſate for her loſs. My little ſtock of earthly happineſs, centres all in her. Can you then cruelly perſiſt to tear it for ever from me?" "Fond fanatic!" returned the Earl, "Have I not already ſaid, you may poſſeſs her, without injuring yourſelf, or rejecting my offers?" "Forbear then to tempt me farther, and forfeit all claim to my regard, for the ſake of a mean, low-born, unworthy woman!"

"Unworthy!"

" Unworthy!" repeated Alfred, with energy, " It is plain, Sir, you are a ſtranger to her unequalled merits. Recall, I beſeech you, your intentions towards me. I am likewiſe, unworthy of them. Reſtore me that happineſs you have chaced away. Reſtore me the only treaſure, my heart can ever delight in, and keep your boaſted greatneſs, I want it not. I am incapable of ever deſerving or enjoying it in the way you require. My whole ſoul is devoted to this mean, low born, fair-one, whom you deſpiſe, and I can never taſte of peace, or know a thought of joy, but in the honorable poſſeſſion of her exalted virtues. This, Sir, is my firm, my unalterable reſolve. I will neither relinquiſh her, nor injure any other woman, by the baſe offer of an allienated heart.

My mind has already marked the diſtinction between real and falſe honor; and no temptation, however alluring, no threat, however terrible, ſhall ever induce me to

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err, againſt that principle of right, which has erected its ſtandard in my breaſt.

Theſe, Sir, are my fixed ſentiments, and however abſurd you may pronounce them, be aſſured, no earthly power ſhall ever make me change them.

I reflect, with horror, on an inſinuation you have thrown out; and ſhould, indeed, merit the appellation of mean and deſpicable, were I capable of degrading the woman I love, even in her own opinion. This, Sir, is a conduct, that paſſion may adopt; but a heart really attached, will ever reject with diſdain. Pardon the expreſſion, Sir, it was dictated by a juſt ſenſe of injury, and is juſtified by reaſon, for the honor of her I adore is united with mine; and when that is wounded, mine muſt conſequently ſuffer. Transfer, therefore, your liberality to ſome object, that can in your eſtimation merit it, and reſtore me only, the bleſſing you have ſnatched away." A moment of ſilence enſued, when unbounded fury again took poſſeſſion of the doubly incenſed Earl.

"Fly," ſaid he, "inſolent wretched boy, from the effects of my juſt reſentment. Thou art already puniſhed for thy arrogant preſumption; thy incorrigible folly: fly therefore, with the ſtings, which error and obſtinacy has planted in thy boſom; but never again hope to ſee the cauſe of thy depravity. I will ſtill be ſo much your friend, as to prevent the completion of your ruin: and although I ſhall, indeed, transfer my bounty to ſome more worthy object, I will endeavour to preſerve the honor of your name, from diſgrace."

Nannette at that moment entered the room in all the wildneſs of ſorrow. "Where is my Lady! my dear Lady?" ſhe repeatedly exclaimed. Mr. Wilmot, who had been in ſearch of her, followed, with dejected air. Lord Wentworth aroſe, and ſtriking his forehead with his hands, darted out of the room. The Earl beſtowed on them another furious look, and jumped into the waiting carriage that brought him hither, which ſoon conveyed him to one of his

country ſeats, allotted for the reception of Adela; where their interview has been already related. He then turned his thoughts towards Auguſtus Melville, who ſtood next in relationſhip to Lord Wentworth: and forgetting the deep-rooted reſentment he had borne his noble father, in his preſent more violent one toward the offending Alfred; he reſolved to beſtow on him the favors he had deſigned for his friend; and haſtened to London for that purpoſe. He had witneſſed the dawning graces of Auguſtus, and frequently had liſtened to thoſe warm encomiums, which the voice of fame beſtowed on his maturity; but now pronounced them infinitely ſhort of what he merited; and buried the remembrance of Alfred, in the pleaſing ſociety of his new favorite. But this enjoyment was of very ſhort duration. The various conjectures that this unlooked for kindneſs occaſioned in Auguſtus, and the pleaſing ſenſations it excited, were ſoon converted into ſorrow and diſguſt, by the teſtimony of Mr. Wilmot,

mot, and an ample explanation from the Earl. The appearance of his diſtracted generous friend, heightened his concern, and he turned with horror, and unconquerable averſion, from the Earl's propoſals. The Lady before deſigned for Alfred, was now marked down his prize. She could not, the Earl aſſured him, withſtand the power of his accompliſhments; and on her ſmiles, his exaltation was chiefly to depend. But unfortunately, ſhe had long been the object of his fixed averſion. Her perſon was deformed by nature, and rendered loathſome by hereditary diſeaſes, but her heart was ſtill more warped by extreme pride, avarice, and cruelty; and polluted by almoſt every evil propenſity. Her underſtanding was mean, her notions ſordid and vulgar, her voice frightful, and her manners inſolent. Auguſtus honeſtly avowed his deep-rooted diſlike, adding, that no reward could, in his opinion, compenſate for ſuch a ſacrifice. Maddened with pride, anger, and diſappointment, the Earl ſtruck him, and Auguſtus fled

fled from the further effects of his violence. But ſcarcely had he related his adventure to the melancholy party at Mrs. Delamaine's, when an officer of juſtice entered, and tapped him on the ſhoulder, for a conſiderable ſum of money he had borrowed of the Earl, ſome months before, through the means of Lord Wentworth, to pay off a mortgage from the eſtate his Lordſhip had ſecured him from his father. He was hurried to priſon, without time to ſolicit the aid of his friends, or ever inform them of his misfortune. He ſoon found means of writing to Lord Wentworth, but received no anſwer; and after many days of tedious ſuſpence, abandoned himſelf to all the horrors of deſpair: when one day, as he was ſeated, full of bitter reflections, at a ſolitary meal, the door of his apartment opened, and he beheld Mrs. Delamaine, accompanied by the lovely Julia.

The knife and fork dropped from his hand, and he claſped them both in his

trembling arms, while his boſom glowed with a kind of luxurious ſorrow.

"Is it thus we find you?" cried the amiable Julia: "Indeed, you know not how much we have ſuffered for your loſs."

"But I know," replied Auguſtus, preſſing her again to his beating heart, and gently kiſſing off a ſtealing tear, "the inexpreſſible obligation, this generous viſit, and theſe ſtill more generous words confer." Julia looked tenderly at him, and withdrew, bluſhing, from his ardent embrace. He eagerly enquired for Wentworth.

"To number him," ſaid he, "among the perfidious, or unfeeling, would be no leſs weak, then baſe and unjuſt. I know the upright integrity of his heart; and I know that nothing but ſome unkind chance, or cruel misfortune, could have thus long kept him from me. A deeper gloom marked the expreſſive features of his fair friends.

"Has any additional evil befallen him?" cried Melville. "I hope not," replied Mrs. Delamaine, "but we have loſt him."

"'Loft him!" echoed Melville. "Yes," returned fhe, "very fuddenly, and very myfterioufly. We have never feen him fince you were at my houfe together." "Nor heard of him!" exclaimed Melville. "Amazed at not feeing either of you as ufual," faid Mrs. Delamaine; "and very anxious about his Lordfhip's ftate of mind. I wrote to enquire the caufe of his abfence, but received no anfwer. I then wrote to you, but was alike unfuccefsful. Alarmed at this filence, I haftened to his Lordihip's houfe. It was fhut up. A gentleman that I knew affifted in the management of his affairs, then occurred to me. I inftantly applied to him, but without obtaining any fatisfactory information. His behaviour was fuch, as I am ftill at a lofs to account for.

His manner was confufed: his anfwers ambiguous, and fometimes verging an infolent. He affected an ain of myftery, and all I could learn was, that his Lordfhip had quitted the kingdom; ordered his houfe and furniture to be difpofed of, and meant to

refide

refide abroad for fome years; perhaps for life; but where, he refufed to acquaint me. I then enquired if he knew any thing of you, but was anfwered by a peremptory negative; and every endeavour to trace you, has proved equally unfuccefsful: when, this morning, walking through the ftreet, this dear little faithful animal," ftroaking the head of a beautiful Italian greyhound, whofe gambols had entirely efcaped the tranfported Auguftus, in the joyful furprize of again beholding his long loft friends, "caught the eye of Julia, and darting from my fide, fhe flew like lightning to the oppofite fide of the ftreet, and as quickly returned, holding him in her arms."

"Here, Ma'am!" fhe cried, gafping for breath, "it is him, indeed it is!" She hugged him to her heart, kiffed him, and evinced every mark of extravagant joy. "Poor Pompey was loft in my remembrance; and I thought fhe was bereft of her fenfes. She read my heart, and preffing

her check against the head of the grateful, and equally enraptured Pompey."

"Oh," said she, "have you then quite forgot poor Melville, and his little favorite?" "It was enough. I bade her set him on the ground, and we would follow him." "Oh, no," she replied, "he will out run us, and we shall for ever lose him." "I believed otherwise, so high was my opinion of Pompey, however, to indulge her fears, I fastened this ribbon to his collar; and how far our expedient was successful, I need not say. Augustus could not give language to the emotions of his heart; but lavish caresses on the faithful partner of his solitude, and while his eloquent eyes beamed with tenderness and gratitude on the lovely blushing Julia, his tongue faltered out ardent acknowledgements to Mrs. Delamaine.

They prolonged their visit to the utmost limits of their time; planed a variety of schemes to effect his enfranchisement; but they all proved abortive. Every heart seemed shut against him. The superior power

and influence of the inexorable Earl univerſally prevailed, and Mrs. Delamaine found herſelf only capable of ſoftening the ſeverity of his fate, by the frequent viſits of herſelf, and charming ward: but the attack of indiſpoſition, deprived him awhile of her valued ſociety. Julia was then his ſole companion; and in thoſe delightful moments of ſoothing indulgence, the ſuppoſed ſecret eſcaped his lips. He breathed the pureſt vows of generous ardent love; and Julia all inraptured, ſcrupled not to bleſs him with the delicate avowal of an equal flame.

From this extatic period, confinement no longer wore the habit of ſadneſs, in the eyes of Auguſtus: on the contrary, he bleſſed from his ſoul, every being, and every circumſtance, that had thus united to convince him of the fond, diſintereſted attachment of his beloved Julia. Mrs. Delamaine's reſtoration to health, procured him again the pleaſure of her converſe. She

found him chearful, nay vivacious, and perfectly happy, and ſhe congratulated him on his aſtoniſhing fortitude and reſignation; but ſhe knew not the cordial balſam, that had been applied to his heart; ſhe knew not that during her abſence, he had received the ſweet aſſurance of an ineſtimable treaſure that taught him to look with compoſure on misfortune, and ſubmit without repining to his lot, while cheared by the gentle ſmiles of her ſoul, loved and venerated.

But, one day after expecting them, as uſual, at their accuſtomed hour, and counting with impatience, each ſucceeding minute, Mrs. Delamaine entered unaccompanied, pale and trembling.

"Good God! has any thing befallen my Julia, Madam?" was the language of nature that flowed from Melville's lips.

"Your Julia," exclaimed Mrs. Delamaine, looking ſtedfaſtly at him; "Yes, mine, deareſt Madam, my generous, inimitable Julia? Has any evil reached her?"

" I know not," ſaid Mrs. Delamaine, with emotion.

" Not know ! " exclaimed Auguſtus, " Oh ! for pity, keep me not in this torturing ſuſpence."

" I wiſh," replied Mrs. Delamaine, " ſome compaſſionate being would remove my own. But, indeed, I fear we have loſt our amiable Julia."

Auguſtus hid his face.

" She was torn from my ſide," continued Mrs. Delamaine, " during our return from you, laſt evening. I heard a carriage drive inſtantly from the ſpot. Her piercing ſhriek, her pathetic intreaty, ſtill vibrates through my ſoul, but the ſurrounding darkneſs, prevented my diſtinguiſhing objects ; and I fear I ſhall never ſee the dear child of my heart again."

Auguſtus ſtarted from his ſeat ; he ſtamped with his foot, and traverſed the room in all the madneſs of ſorrow and rage.

Mrs. Delamaine wept paſſionately, and her tears ſoftened the violence of his grief, into a milder but more affecting anguiſh.

CHAP.

CHAPTER LII.

The Developement.

DAYS, weeks, and many, many painful months revolved with Mrs. Delamaine, and the almoſt deſponding Auguſtus, in the ſad participation of perplexing uncertainty, and terrifying fears; when, one evening, ſeated together, deeply engaged on their conſtant themes of Alfred, Adela, and Julia, a meſſenger entered abruptly, and ſummoned Auguſtus into the preſence of the Earl of Lanwarn, whom, he declared, laying at the point of death. Auguſtus inſtantly obeyed, and accompanied by Mrs. Delamaine, followed the meſſenger, to the

ſcene of death and horror, already deſcribed. They found the Earl, exchanging forgiveneſs with his antagoniſt. They both ſtood trembling on the borders of eternity.

"Draw near," ſaid the Earl, as Auguſtus entered, "and hear our lateſt confeſſion." Auguſtus caſt a fearful look at the being, weltering by his ſide, and traced the features of the Earl's boſom friend, the Duke of Clareville. The ghoſt-like form of the noble Alfred, at that inſtant, darted into the room. The Duke extended his expiring hand to him, and his ſpirit departed with a deep groan. A longer interval of time was allowed the Earl, and he haſtened to avail himſelf of it, and releaſe his ſoul from the heavy load of injuſtice and cruelty, with which it was encumbered.

"Behold," ſaid he, "two long linked brethren in guilt, puniſhed by each others hand. Our crimes recoil with redoubled fury on our own heads. Forgive me ye injured pair of noble youths. Heaven will, I truſt, accept my deep repentance; do ye

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ſo likewiſe. " You are, continued he, after a pauſe, pointing to Auguſtus, " you are the lawful heir of all I leave." Auguſtus ſprang back. " Hear me in ſilence," added he, I have but a ſhort time given me, and it is precious to us all. You are likewiſe the true repreſentative of the houſe of Wentworth." " There," fixing his ardent eyes on Alfred, " ſtands one that I joined to deprive of a ſtill nobler inheritance, from the double motive of exalting that companion of my iniquity, (pointing at the corpſe) and depriving your father, to whom from early youth, I bore inveterate enmity, of his juſt rights. " You," ſaid he, " with whoſe happineſs I have taken ſuch, every way, unwarrantable liberties, are no longer Lord Wentworth, but the Duke of Clareville." Alfred ſtood aghaſt. " I conſpired with that cruel brother," added the Earl, " to ſnatch your noble parent from a world that revered him. We impeached him privately, while at a foreign court, with his amiable lady, of a treaſonous deſign againſt the ſtate :

and, as his rank and merits rendered him of consequence to England, at whose tremendous name, her enemies then trembled, impelled by the fear of having our conduct investigated, and a kind of cowardly remorse, that rather wished our victim to linger in misery, then suffer the excruciating torment that must otherwise await him; we obtained a solemn oath of secrecy, ere we revealed our plan; and fixed his punishment to be imprisoned for life, in a dungeon, where the phylanthrophic eye could never penetrate; and where he languished near twenty years; but is now no more." Alfred lifted his clasped hands to heaven. "But your fate," added the Earl, "was long ere that decided. You were, by the fraud of two bribed domestics, conveyed, when but a few days old, into the house of the late Lord Wentworth, and laid without suspicion by the side of his Lady, whose infant son having expired suddenly, in convulsions, was deposited in your place. It was near eight years after this event, that our scheme

againſt your father ſo fatally ſucceeded. A diſeaſe, which we deemed fortunate, had robbed them of four lovely pledges that followed you: and when your amiable mother heard the agonizing tidings, that ſevered her for ever from the adored object of her virgin, only love; the enraptured ſharer of her happieſt days; the gentle ſoother of each intruding care; the being, ſent by heaven to adminiſter the cordial cup of mingled bleſſings, that ſweetened all her days. Delirium ſeized her faculties, and in that ſtate ſhe again became the mother of a lovely female infant, torn likewiſe from her ſupporting boſom, and conſigned to a doubtful fate, from the protection of a wretched mercenary ſervant in your father's family, who took a ſolemn oath for the acquiſition of a very conſiderable ſum, inſtantly to quit England, and change his name and in ſome ſome foreign land; bring up the apparent heireſs of Clareville, as his own child; and living or dying never to divulge the ſecret of her birth. This cruel vow has been, I fear,

fear, too well obſerved. All that now remains, is to inform you, that in this houſe dwells, ſecluded from each others ſight, thoſe daughters of obſcurity, whom your hearts have ſo partially, and I now think, worthily ſelected from all the race of woman kind. The one has, through my ſhameful cruelty, been rendered a fit inhabitant for thoſe walls. Oh bitter reflection! through me ſhe is robbed of the moſt invaluable bleſſings. The ſeat of reaſon is, I ſear, utterly rooted up; and thou, injured Alfred, will curſe my memory. But the fate of Auguſtus wears a milder aſpect. That ſtill more obſcure, but ah, too charming Julia, who ſoothed the hours of his ſad impriſonment, was by my mandate, torn from the arms of friendſhip, and under the pretence of inſanity, conſigned to this ſad ſolitude. But here the reign of triumphant villainy ceaſes. She came, armed with juſtice, and all its aweful terrors. The ſupreme appointed her to avenge your wrongs, and ſtrike the dagger at our polluted hearts. Anguiſh, inexpreſ-

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ſible anguiſh, writhes each agonizing artery. Let no flattering tongue cheat me, with a hope of longer life. The bitter pangs, arreſt my unfiniſhed tale. The univerſal conqueror draws his thick wove veil between us. Oh let ſome pitying meſſenger conduct the much wronged lovely Julia to my ſide, that I may ſupplicate your joint forgiveneſs, ere the gate of mercy is for ever ſhut!"

His requeſt was inſtantly granted, Auguſtus retired. His wounded ſpirit ſhrunk from the approach of his Julia. It ſought relief, and the firmer Alfred led her to the woe-frought ſcene. She mingled her tears with thoſe of the dying penitent, and bleſſed his ſoul with pardon. The plaintive tones of her voice, ſtole on the charmed ear of Auguſtus, as he gave utterance to the conflict of his ſoul, in an adjoining room; and again kindled the native fire of his mind. The image of the martyred Adela burſt on his fancy: and ſtarting from the ground, he uttered the words, that ſo forcibly ſtruck her ear.

"Where

"Where, where, are the dear lovely sufferers?"

The moment of overflowing tenderneſs now ſucceeded in the boſom of Alfred. He languiſhed to behold and embrace the dear injured, choſen of his heart; but Mrs. Delamaine whiſpered the language of prudence, and prevailed on him, to retire with her, and try to compoſe his perturbed ſpirits, while Auguſtus kindly endeavoured to conduct her to them, and illumine with a ray of hope, her beclouded ſoul.

The reſult of his friendly efforts is already known. A ſad interval of ſilence, marked its recollection, and Alfred proceeded in his narration.

"Let me now," ſaid he, "lead the attention of my Adela back to the period that conſigned our valued Auguſtus to a chearleſs priſon; and hurried me far from the ſoothing whiſpers of friendſhip; and as far from the ſupporting hope of exploring your retreat. The ſame band of ruffians, before employed to ſnatch you from me, made an equally

equally fuccefsful attempt on my own perfon, as I returned home, late one evening, from the mournful fociety, which your lofs created, at our worthy Mrs. Delamaine's. I defended myfelf with my fword, fome minutes; but their numbers overpowered me. I was inftantly deprived of all poffibility of procuring affiftance; forced into a coach, and conveyed to a place, where the bleffing of light was excluded; and where, deprived of all, but the fcanty fupport of a loathed exiftence. I fighed and mourned away my miferable days, in total ignorance of every thing, but the moft profound forrow; until the moment that I was fummoned into the prefence of the dying Earl. Information then rufhed on my mind like a cataract; and I faw that all our fufferings had flowed from the fear, pride, and revenge that held dominion over him. He panted for my deftruction. He refolved I fhould no longer enjoy what was not mine, nor know what was. Melville had likewife offended in no lefs a degree. His pride

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was wounded by his refusal, and he planed the most ample humiliation for us both. He was obliged to employ an emissary to complete his designs. This was the person to whom Mrs. Delamaine applied for information of me. They forged letters from me, saying, I meant in future to reside abroad; and appointed this wretch, the manager of my affairs. The Earl promised him the annual income of my estate for his reward; but conscious guilt, filled them with perpetual anxiety, and held them in slavery to each other. The watchful Earl was informed of the visits, and attachment of the amiable Julia to Augustus, and to complete his revenge, and gratify his pride, wounded, by what he termed, so groveling an inclination, he determined to tear her from him. How successfully he pursued that determination, it is needless to say.

But there his punishment commenced. He felt himself fascinated by the eloquent artless sorrow, and striking graces of Julia; and from the double motive of gratifying his own

own wiſh, and completing his triumph over my unfortunate friend, he made her an offer, which he judged it impoſſible ſhe could reject.

Till then, he never believed that the love of virtue ever exiſted in the boſom of poverty; nor once ſuppoſed that her pure and ſacred flame, could burn with undiminiſhed luſtre, amid every temptation that affluence could offer; every threatened evil that power could inflict. But Julia Howard taught him thus late in life, the leſſon of truth; taught him, that the truly virtuous ſpirit, is ſupported by an unſeen hand, under every affliction, gains ſtrength and beauty as it preſſes forward, and finiſhes its courſe, crowned with the unfading laurels of glorious victory. She convinced him likewiſe, that no ſufferings, no dangers, no fears, can conquer a real attachment, in the boſom of an enthuſiaſtic female; but that, led on by the chearing hope of his unvarying regard, with whom her all of earthly happineſs is centered; every evil, but where he ſuffers

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is disregarded, and she anticipates with chaste rapture, and delightful confidence some future auspicious day, and bears her trials without repining, cheared by the sweet assurance of meriting his love.

Struck with the unaffected noble pride, with which the humble Julia rejected all his splendid offers, the Earl paused awhile, and gazed at her in fixed astonishment; then forgetting what he had so violently condemned in others, when justified by unity of ages, tastes, and hearts, he resolved at once to gratify the inclination with which this lowly female had inspired him, and satiate his deep resentment against Augustus. The blood of Melville, Wentworth, and Lanwarn, spoke unheard, and with great solemnity he made the wondering Julia, the offer of his hand. But he was equally unsuccessful as before. "My Lord, I have neither heart nor hand to give," replied Julia, "they are both devoted to Augustus Melville. Think you I will ever relinquish my interest in his heart; or do you suppose me vile enough

to deſert him in the hour of calamity? Ah, no, it is now I glory in avowing my attachment, my firm and grateful attachment.

"Your rank, Sir, I am unworthy of. You, Sir, muſt think ſo too, becauſe you lately thought me unworthy Melville. Why then ſubject yourſelf to the ſtigma of ſuch glaring impropriety. Recall your intentions towards me, I beſeech you. I will bury it for ever in ſilence; and Oh, reſtore but the unoffending Auguſtus, that liberty you have ſnatched away, and I will (however hard the ſacrifice) I will withdraw myſelf from his generous love, to appeaſe you; although I can never ſuffer another object to enter my heart."

"Away," cried the enraged and diſappointed Earl, "away, deluding ſyren! thou art fit only for the ſociety of thy ſiſter maniac. Yet, no, ye ſhall not aſſociate, leſt ye cheriſh and perpetuate this fatal diſeaſe. But be aſſured, the preſumptuous inſtigators of your folly, ſhall not eſcape my vengeance."

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With theſe words he left her, and ſhe was hurried to the habitation that held my Adela, with ſtrict orders, never to paſs the limits of her apartment, nor converſe with any, but the perſon allotted to guard her.

There ſhe reſided upwards of twelve months, in the moſt dreary, joyleſs ſolitude, that can be imagined. The Earl was her frequent viſitor. His firſt inclination, increaſed thus late in life, to a violent paſſion, and he never failed to uſe every argument he deemed likely to effect his wiſh. But always left her, with his heart full of madneſs, and wounded pride, when one day as he was quitting the houſe, he met the Duke of Clareville, contending with the people for inſtant admiſſion. Amazed at ſeeing him, whom he believed in a foreign land, and ſtill more ſo at ſeeing him there, he expreſſed his ſurprize, enquiring how long he had been in England.

" But a few hours, my dear friend," replied the Duke, and was haſtening to embrace

you, but beholding you here moſt fortunately to aſſiſt me. I have ſeen at a window of this houſe, a lovely girl, that I knew and followed in France. She eluded my ardent purſuit. She fled, I could never learn whither: but in this houſe ſhe now is. Oh, be indeed my friend! Remove the abſurd ſcruples of theſe people, and procure me an interview with my charming Julia Howard." The Earl ſtarted. "My friend," ſaid he, with aſſuming mildneſs, "you muſt not intrude here. It is the ſacred aſylum of the miſerable."

"But it is the priſon of Julia," cried the Duke, "and I fly to ſnatch her from it." He was puſhing by the Earl. "You do not enter," ſaid he, oppoſing him. "Not enter!" echoed the impetuous Duke, "who dare oppoſe me?" "I do!" exclaimed the Earl: "you have no claim on Julia Howard! "And have you?" fiercely demanded the Duke.

" I have," replied the other, " I am going to marry her !" " Marry her !" repeated the Duke, quivering with paſſion. " Drop your vain pretence." " Never, Sir !" cried the Earl.

" I tell you," reverberated the Duke, " mine is a prior claim, and the man who dares oppoſe my entrance is my mortal enemy." He laid his hand on his ſword, and again endeavoured to puſh by. The Earl drew : a few moments determined both their fates, and the firſt requeſt the Earl made, was, to ſend for Melville and myſelf from our gloomy abodes.

" Theſe my reſtored love," added the no longer perſecuted Wentworth, but the bleſt, the happy Clareville, " are the ſad particulars we have gathered from the people of your late abode.

But happineſs now diffuſes her moſt radiant ſmiles upon us, and the partakers of our late ſorrows. No longer then let ſadneſs, or anxiety, pervade my Adela's heart ;

heart; the future will be a complete recompence for the paſt."

The prediction of the Duke of Clareville was fully accompliſhed. He and his friend were united to the lovely ſufferers; and their joy and mutual love were heightened by a miraculous diſcovery. Julia was no other than the ſiſter of the Duke of Clareville, who by the machinations of her father's implacable enemies had been conſigned to poverty and diſaſter. I have no power to deſcribe the rapture occaſioned in theſe happy families by this diſcovery, which was made after Adela and Julia had each become a mother. It ſeemed as if the event had been reſerved to add to their felicity when human imagination could hardly ſuppoſe it would bear increaſe.

Having concluded the ſtory of Adela, it remains only to ſay, that her neareſt and moſt valued friends partook of her happineſs. Even the gentle Iſmena, who had returned to England to paſs the remainder of her days with Adela, forgot the acute-

neſs of her grief in partaking of the innocent amuſements of her friend's beautiful offspring. Gathaway was the tutor of the two noble families, and of that of the worthy Mr. Wilmot who married Olivia; and Nannette was the happieſt of creatures in aſſiſting Adela in all her maternal cares.

FINIS.